HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXV.—No. 1796.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1891.

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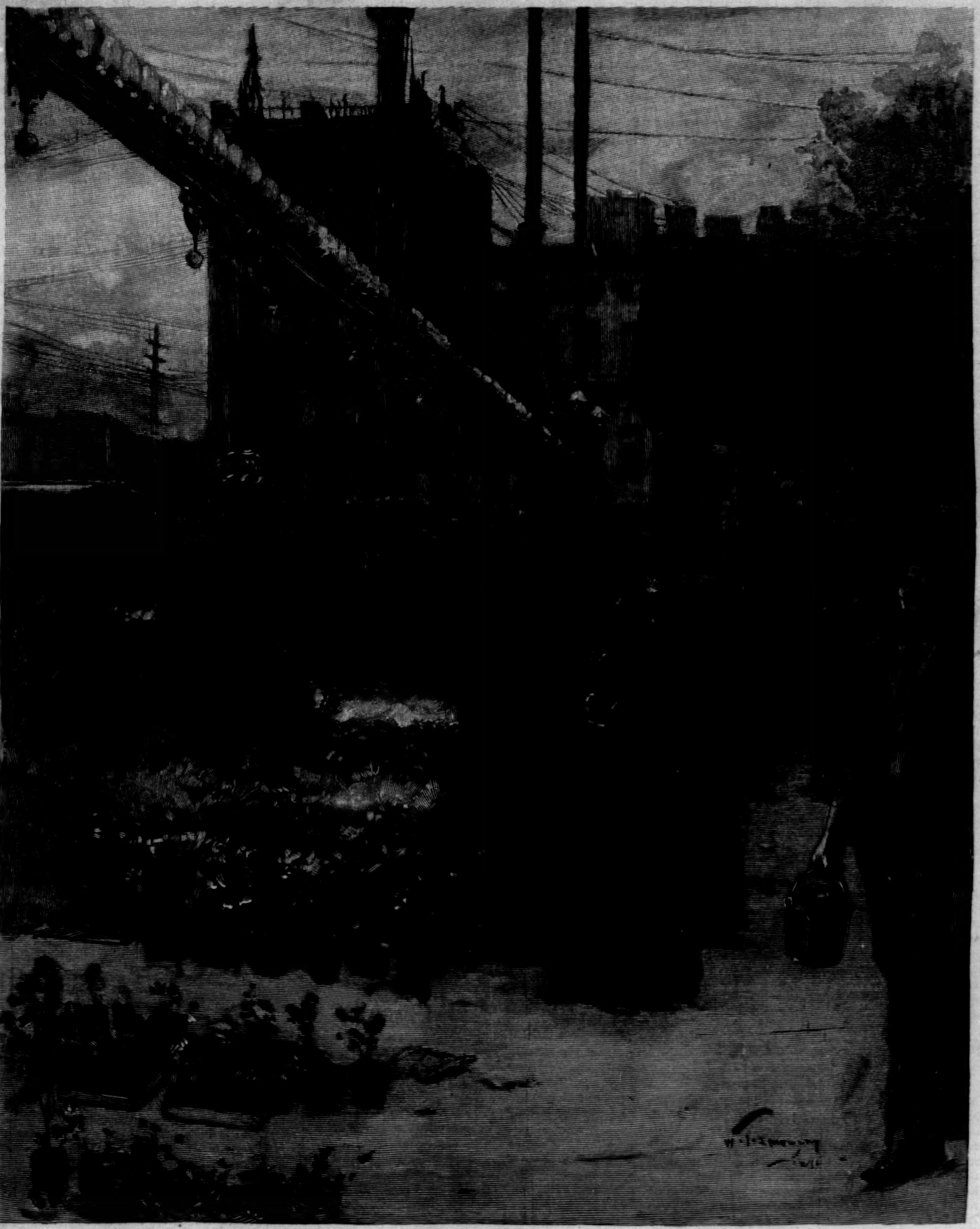

THE FLOWER MARKET IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 383.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1796.

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATION IN TINT, ENTITLED "THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART," DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.

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THE "ITATA."

THE case of the *Itata* raises another foreign question. She is a screw propeller, formerly owned by the Chilian Steam Navigation Company, and was probably seized by the Chilian insurgents at the beginning of the present trouble in Chili, and fitted as a vessel of war. She came into American waters at San Diego, in California, on a voyage to obtain military supplies from the schooner *Robert and Minnie*, and was seized by our government upon strong suspicion, and placed in charge of a United States marshal. She then slipped out of the harbor of San Diego, carrying the marshal; and meeting the *Robert and Minnie* outside, the military supplies were transferred, and the *Itata* steamed away to Chili. The *Robert and Minnie* was seized by us, and the Secretaries of the State and Navy departments agreeing with the Attorney-General that we have a right to capture the *Itata* wherever she may be found, vessels of war have been ordered to that duty. As usual, the question of the exact limits of the local authority in such a case, under the practice called international law, presents some difficulties.

There is an insurrection in Chili against the government, at the head of which is BALMACEDA, with whose representative at Washington our government transacts business, and we have not acknowledged the belligerent rights of the insurgents. It was our duty, therefore, to detain the *Itata* until we had satisfied ourselves that she was not abusing our territory to promote hostilities against a friendly power. Did we discharge all our duty in placing a marshal upon her, without the presence or readiness of any force to prevent her escape? If through remissness of this kind she escaped upon the high seas before we had begun the pursuit or taken any measures to begin it, are we authorized by the customs of nations, or ought we to be authorized, to pursue her? If the *Itata* had remained in forcible detention by us, could we have done more than to order her to depart, taking care that she should not be supplied with arms in waters over which we have rightful control? It is clear that if the situation justified the detention of the *Itata*, it required the enforcement of the detention.

But the fact that she was not detained, and that the pursuit could not be even begun until long after the *Itata* was beyond American waters, unquestionably complicates the situation. Under the circumstances fair play to the administration requires that the daily reports from Washington should be received with great caution. As the reports from different sources are often entirely contradictory, it is obvious that they are not all correct. It is the duty of the gentlemen of the press who are stationed in Washington daily to purvey a large supply of accurate information upon the purposes and acts of the government in such an exigency, and whatever the quality of the knowledge, the supply of copy must not fail. This situation produces a copious mass of rumor, without always a corresponding quantity of fact. It is not impossible that responsible officers of the government sometimes think, and even intend in critical emergencies, something more than they communicate to the most favored of reporters. It is not, for example, entirely certain that a Secretary of the Navy will make known to a newspaper the purport of instructions which are given sealed to the naval officer who is to execute them. But if under similar circumstances our government would have ordered the pursuit of an English ship, or the ship of any strong state, we may be confident that it feels very sure of its position. If we may pursue and capture the *Itata* upon the high seas, may we also capture her in a foreign port?

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE REPORT OF THE GRAND JURY IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE report of the Grand Jury in the case of the New Orleans massacre, as we said last week, probably surprised no one. But now that time enough has elapsed to show its general impression, it is very creditable to the country and to the press that the report is not accepted as a justification of the slaughter. It would indeed be extraordinary if it should be generally agreed by Americans that any person or number of persons, absolutely helpless and unable to defend themselves, might be properly put to death by an assembly of other persons, without any other procedure than an excited declaration that the lawful course of justice had miscarried, and that justice must be, therefore, "executed" by a mob. The intelligence of the city of New Orleans can hardly acquiesce finally in such a conclusion. It would blacken the name of the city, and stigmatize it as a place to be avoided by civilized strangers.

The mob in Boston, more than sixty years ago, which broke up the women's antislavery meeting, and hunted GARRISON to hang him, was called the gentlemen's mob. It injured no property beyond the hall, and sought no person except the abolitionist. But it struck at the fundamental principles of civilized society and popular government. The murder of HENNESSY, and the bribery or terror brought to bear upon the jury, were great wrongs, and they impeached the community of great dereliction of public duty, like the TWEED ascendency in New York and the lottery control in Louisiana. But the report of the jury does not succeed in justifying the lynching. The names of the leaders were well known, and if the situation be such as the report asserts, what is needed is not an argument of the Grand Jury, but a judgment in court. When we guarantee in a treaty the same protection to the foreigner which the American citizen receives, we mean a lawful trial in a court representing the authority of the State. We do not mean the "executions" of Judge Lynch. What evidence does the report of the Grand Jury offer that it is not speaking under the coercion of the same power that "executed" justice by the massacre in the prison? How does the country know that if a petit jury in New Orleans is terrorized by one force, a Grand Jury is not terrorized by another? Intelligent Americans in that city must see that when the legal barriers of order are overthrown, anarchy begins.

For many years New Orleans has been noted for practical contempt of law. The serious outbreaks in that city, which show the easy resort to violence, have given it unquestionably a very bad reputation. It may be that corruption and other crime have wholly subjugated public spirit there, and that legal redress against such offences as the murder of HENNESSY is impracticable. But will the wholesale slaughter of helpless prisoners believed to be guiltily escaping justice restore the vigor of public spirit and reverence for law? These are the only remedies for the situation, and does the act which the report excuses encourage the growth of such spirit and reverence? One suggestion of the report, as we said, is certainly good. It is that which exhorts a careful revision of the immigration laws. Neither public spirit nor reverence for law will be fostered by cheapening American citizenship and authorizing alien ignorance and lawlessness to vote. We exclude the Chinese, but the Chinese would make quite as good citizens as the slaves of the Mafia. But the desirability of amending the immigration laws and protecting the suffrage is not an argument for what Mr. BLAINE called "a massacre."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE resignation of Mr. HUNTINGTON as President of the National Academy of Design removes from that important office an admirable artist and accomplished gentleman. We call the office important, because the position of the Academy in the general art movement of the time must depend largely upon its chief; and by Mr. WOOD, who has been elected to succeed Mr. HUNTINGTON, and Mr. MILLET, the new vice-president, it is evident that the best traditions of the Academy will be preserved, and the modern spirit will be cordially welcomed. The change is very great since the older day when every painter and sculptor of note in this community was either an Academician or an Associate. The Academy has never quite justified its name of National, except as the artists of New York might be regarded collectively as representing the distinctive character and tendencies of American art, and of late years the Academy has not included the whole art activity even of New York. Indeed it has been sometimes thought that the tendency of contemporary art, or of that which peculiarly represents its contemporary spirit, was toward independence of the Academy and a separate organization. Certainly the Academy exhibition is not the only exhibition of the year, and there are other societies whose exhibitions contest with that of the Academy the palm of interest and significance.

This is true of London also, and in a community whose spirit is that of individual freedom and independence this will be always the tendency. Undoubtedly the situation is somewhat due to the conservative indolence which gradually overtakes all such institutions as the Academy. It falls into ruts, and follows its old traditions, and spares itself the labor and excitement of constantly recognizing and organizing a newer spirit. It is, however, doubtful whether the advantages of the local world of art may not be more readily secured for a larger number in one great and amply endowed and appointed society than in a multitude of smaller clubs and associations. The old question of the advantage of any academy we do not here discuss, but we accept as desirable an organization to perform for the whole body of artists services which the individuals can less conveniently command. In a sense the academy should be for artists what the college is for scholars, and in one community a large and comprehensive academy would have the advantage of a completely endowed university over separate and more poorly supplied schools. The analogy, of course, is not complete, but it serves the purpose.

Now there seems to be no reason that the National Academy should not include all the associated art activity of New York for the main objects of such association. One great exhibition or more, for instance, every year, managed with proper care, would be in itself an important public event, and would invest the interests of plastic art in the city with a prestige which is now derived from no single exhibition, including that of the Academy. In London the opening of the Royal Academy exhibition is heralded by a dinner which is the most notable of the year, and the report of it is the announcement which makes the opening known to the London which is interested. There is no reason that an Academy dinner in New York should not take rank with the annual New England dinner or the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, and apprise every reader of the newspapers of the opening of the exhibition. Under one large and liberal management, also, all the resources of instruction, the museums, the libraries, would be ampler, more readily accumulated, and more accessible to students, while the inevitable differences and rivalries of artists would have full play. The conditions of the prosperity of such an institution, of course, would be liberality and tact. But the effort for union seems to be worth while.

HERESY.

THE contest in Presbyterian circles over the inaugural address of the Rev. Dr. BRIGGS, and his proposed trial for heresy, like the recent Episcopal protest against Dr. RAINSFORD and HEBER NEWTON, has an interest beyond the persons and the question which are immediately involved. Whether Dr. BRIGGS's inaugural address accords with the Westminster Confession, like all such questions, is a matter of interpretation, and of the proper canons of interpretation. No judgment upon that specific point, even if he should be brought to trial, and either convicted or acquitted, would affect the essential question involved.

That question is the old one of the spirit and the letter. Shall the law be interpreted by one or another conception of its spiritual significance? Shall Christianity be expounded by the enlightened scholarship and thought of to-day, or by the views of yesterday, or of two hundred years ago? Was JOHN ROBINSON wrong in thinking that there was yet more truth to preach forth from God's Word, and is that Word now closed? These and such as these are the real questions which are presented, and which are universally felt to be raised by such movements as the arraignment of Dr. BRIGGS and the protest against Messrs. RAINSFORD and NEWTON.

The question of official good faith is always asked where a man in the position of Dr. BRIGGS administers trust funds. Of course such a man will misuse no trust. But the assertion of misuse is not an argument. It is, in fact, for that point, the substance of the inquiry. Is it a misuse? A pious and learned scholar professes to hold a belief which he understands differently from others who hold it. When the proper authority which he recognizes decides against him he naturally resigns an office which he holds by the tenure of its approval. But his view of the faith he does not resign. A judgment against Dr. BRIGGS would show that a majority of the tribunal differ from him. But it would show nothing more.

GETTING READY.

No election is pending, but politics are very active, and there is a great deal of amusement in them. The result of the autumn election is necessarily very obscure, and as both sides feel that success will depend on skill in the game of nominations, speculation of all kinds is universal, and mighty politicians are credited with subtle schemes. The two party leaders are agreed to be Governor HILL and Mr. PLATT. That the Governor, who has been elected Senator, and who has shown such absolute ascendency over his party as few party leaders in this State have ever shown, should be the accepted Democratic chief is not surprising. But why Mr. PLATT, who holds no political office, and who as a public man is well known, should be the acknowledged Republican chief is not so easy to understand.

The election for which the marshalling of forces has begun is a State election, and if State issues were to determine it the result would be hardly doubtful. It is not questionable that the measures which are desired by the most intelligent sentiment of the State are more likely to be adopted under Republican than Democratic ascendency. Experience shows that reforms in political methods, wise temperance legislation, and the whole range of non-political interests will be more probably advanced under Republican than Democratic auspices. Let any voter consider what local interests of the State should be the especial interest and care of the Executive, and then ask himself whether they would be safer in the hands of a Republican Executive, like ANDREW D. WHITE, for instance, or of any Democrat who has been named for the office.

It may be said that a man like ex-President WHITE will not be nominated, and could not be elected. But that answer merely throws the voter back upon a choice of party tendencies and probabilities. A man like Mr. WHITE is at least seriously mentioned as the candidate of one party. But no similar candidate is mentioned by the other. New York is so large a State, and the majority is always so small, or else so very large, as to make the result happily uncertain. It cannot fairly be called either a Republican or Democratic State in the sense that Vermont is Republican and Arkansas Democratic. The independent vote is nowhere more important, and it has never been more independent than it will probably be this year.

THE NEW YORK BOTANIC GARDEN.

One of the most interesting recent aspects of public affairs in this community is the effective part in them taken by intelligent women. The State legislation providing for the removal of insane patients from county poorhouses was originated by women, and successfully concluded under their auspices. The efficient sympathy and action of women during the last municipal campaign would have been crowned with similar success but for the unexpected defection of men. The movement for cleaning the streets has been greatly stimulated by women, to whom its progress is largely due, and the effective work in the effort to raise a fund to secure the opening of the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday is done by women. All this work is done, also, in the most womanly way, and it is interesting as showing the development of a sense of the duty of citizenship which is wholly new, in this extent, among women.

Among these good works—and thus far no less successful than the others—is that for the Botanic Garden and Museum. To the exertions of a few ladies, in connection with a committee of the Torrey Botanical Club, is due the passage of the act giving two hundred and fifty acres of the Bronx Park, the nearest to the city of the new parks, with half a million of dollars to be raised by the bonds of the city, for the erection of the necessary buildings, provided that the corporation shall raise two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to put the gardens in operation. The famous Botanical Garden at Kew, in England, which has quickened botanical and floral interest and study throughout all civilized communities, was originally a private enterprise, but is now supported by the government. It contributes not only to the scientific eminence of the country, but it furnishes a most elevating, humanizing, and delightful popular resort.

American life needs nothing more than the cultivation and extension of such beautiful and refining influences. It is by such works, as by the popular cultivation of music and every form of art, that a great city shows its true metropolitan instinct and character. To quicken a generous and worthy local pride is one of the surest means of fostering the public spirit upon which the best and most distinctive American institutions depend. The moment, the opportunity, the interest, all conspire for the happy result proposed by this noble enterprise. If the demands on the liberality of New York are large and constant, it is because it is no mean city, and is made magnificent by the generosity of its fortunate citizens, many of whom, and of the most enlightened and liberal, compose the financial committee of the enterprise. A happier site could not be selected, more favorable conditions from the Legislature could not be expected, a more suitable organization for the purpose could not be framed, and more faithful and efficient advocates than the ladies interested and the Torrey club could not be found. It would be almost a disgrace to the city that such a project under such auspices should not, soon and completely, succeed.

COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT AND THE TWENTY-FIRST DISTRICT.

The Republican Association of the Twenty-first District in the city of New York recently considered some resolutions which showed hearty disgust with civil service reform, but were yet an unintentional tribute to the honest enforcement of the law by complaining that Republicans were not preferred in appointments. They were also especially aimed in censure at Commissioner Roosevelt. When the passage of the resolutions was moved, some discussion arose. The shrewder leaders, whatever their regard for reform, were evidently aware that the absurdity of passing such resolutions and pretending to stand upon the party national platform was too apparent. They therefore demurred.

But when the presiding officer said that Mr. Roosevelt, in reply to the criticisms upon the conduct of the National Commission, wished to offer to open all the books and records of the commission for the inspection of the association, there could be but one answer, and a committee of inquiry was appointed. It is in this prompt and candid way that Commissioner Roosevelt has met all the attacks made upon the acts of the commission. Even in Congress vague and general injurious allegations have been made, which were substantially false, and Mr. Roosevelt has challenged them on the spot, and, so far as we are aware, they have never been substantiated.

The service to the Republican party of Mr. Roosevelt as a commissioner has been very great. He is a faithful Republican, and he has officially insisted that the Republican platform meant what it said, and that those who, like Mr. Clarkson, professed to be true-blue Republicans, yet officially violated the party pledges, did grievous wrong to the party. Mr. Roosevelt is a Republican who holds to the whole party platform; Mr. Clarkson, to so much of it as he likes. If the party holds with Mr. Clarkson rather than with Mr. Roosevelt, so much the worse for the party.

MR. CLEVELAND IN BUFFALO.

The recent visit of Mr. Cleveland to Buffalo must be regarded as a political incident, because, whatever the intention may have been, it served the political purpose of showing that the city in which he lived for many years still gladly honors him, and that his political friends are still proud of his name. Mr. Cleveland made three or four speeches, but only one of political significance. Its tone was dignified and appropriate, for a mere partisan harangue at the close of a visit on which he had received a non-partisan welcome would have been peculiarly unbecoming, and would have given just offence.

But as a party man, the probable candidate of his party next year for the Presidency, and addressing a party association which bears his name, Mr. Cleveland spoke of politics, but upon broad principles and without acrimony. The significant remark in the speech, regarded politically, was this: "The axe will not be laid at the root of the unwholesome tariff tree, with its vicious inequality and injustice, until we reach and destroy its parent and support." This support Mr. Cleveland stated to be Public Extravagance, and it has been surmised that he meant to suggest that the Democratic cry for the campaign of next year should be economy and denunciation of the "billion" Republican appropriations rather than tariff reform. But tariff reform is in itself an effective check upon the spirit of extravagance. The enormous pension grants and the operation of high tariff duties are bribes for the support of classes of voters, and opposition to them is opposition both to extravagance and its consequent demoralization.

The chief interest of Mr. Cleveland's speech, however, lay in the impression, which he always produces, that he means what he says. His public career illustrates his belief that politics is something more than adroit jugglery, and that official duty means obligation to the people. The secret of his undoubted popularity is popular confidence in his political honesty. He may make mistakes, and his party sympathy may sometimes cause him to hesitate to trust the general good sense. But no public man is more universally believed to have political convictions and to be true to them, and it is very long since any Democratic leader has commanded so much sincere respect among his political opponents as Mr. Cleveland.

PERSONAL.

The first book, perhaps, to be held back by English publishers to meet the requirements of the American Copyright Act is George Russell's biography of William E. Gladstone, the publication being delayed until July 6th. The appearance of this book, which is to be published in this country by Harper & Brothers, is awaited with much interest, the author's personal acquaintance with his subject, and the assistance he has received from some of Mr. Gladstone's contemporaries and friends, having combined to give the work unusual promise.

—Baron Hirsch, the Moses of the new Jewish dispensation, inherited much of his wealth, and added to his inheritance by daring and successful financial operations. His wealth is estimated at over $100,000,000, and in his lifetime he has enjoyed all that money could buy. He has entertained princes and lived like a prince himself, and it is not surprising that now that he is old and childless, his son having died some time ago, he should think of spending a portion, at least, of his great fortune for the betterment of his race.

—There are so many sides to the Emperor William's versatile nature that it is hard to keep track of them all. One day he is with the army, inspiring the soldiers with warlike ambitions, and the next he is in his palace arranging a match for his unmarried sister. Recently, while addressing the students of Bonn, he placed himself on the side of law-breakers by eulogizing the duelling customs of the German universities, and now it is announced that he is contemplating a "retreat," the season of his religious sequestration to be spent in no less a place than the castle of Wartburg, where Martin Luther was for a time confined, and where he is said to have hurled an inkpot at the devil's head.

—The house in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Massachusetts, has become an object of speculation, and if the present owner (said to be a washerwoman) does not prove too exorbitant in her demands, it may be transplanted to Chicago as a side show to the Columbian Exhibition.

—A dramatic critic's lot is not always a happy one, but the rough side of existence has been pleasantly smoothed recently for one of the guild, Clement Scott, of London, by a generous legacy left him by a lady who admired his writings.

—Mastering languages seems to be as easy as rolling off a log for Max Dieulafait, a fifteen-year-old Baltimore prodigy. He knows ten already, and is rapidly picking up others, showing what a sphere he might have filled as interpreter at the tower of Babel.

—Ex-Governor Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, who has been made head of the foreign department of the Chicago World's Fair, with headquarters at London, ought to feel at home in the big English city, for he was Consul-General there under President Cleveland's administration. He is simply another illustration of what an American boy with the right kind of stuff in him can become, for it is not so very many years since he was selling newspapers on the streets of New London in his native State.

—Rev. Dr. J. D. Wickham, the oldest alumnus of Yale College, has just died at Manchester, Vermont. He was graduated in 1815.

—The widow of James K. Polk is eighty-eight years old, but appeared as sprightly as a young woman at the wedding of a niece of hers in Nashville, Tennessee, the other evening.

—John Stephenson, who built the first street cars used in America, and all the old stages that once rattled over the Broadway pavements, lives at New Rochelle, New York. His house, a large and roomy structure, was built of stone quarried on the ground, and it was seven years in process of construction.

—Colonel Amos A. Parker, of Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, who is one hundred years old, and yet hale and hearty, remembers with especial pride the fact that he was appointed to escort General Lafayette to New Hampshire when that great Frenchman was on a visit to this country in 1824. Colonel Parker claims to be the oldest living college graduate in the country, Burlington (Vermont) University being his *alma mater*. He is also noted for having held more offices, and remained longer in office, than any other man in New Hampshire. His third and last wife was one of the famous Smith sisters, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, who for many years resisted taxation without representation.

—The death of Mr. Walter F. Reed, which occurred at Colorado Springs on the 9th instant, removes from Franklin Square one of the most highly esteemed employés in the Harper establishment, where for fifteen years past he had been engaged as head book-keeper. In expertness as an accountant Mr. Reed was unsurpassed, while in strictness of devotion to the duties of his responsible position he set an excellent example. His courtesy made him a favorite with all his associates, and endeared him to a large circle of friends.

—Herr Schmalfeld, who was Prince Bismarck's antagonist in his recent electoral contest, was a cigar-maker with no particular fame. Association has brought him eminence, however, and even in his defeat he has gained a notoriety which makes him the victim of the autograph fiend.

—One of Judge Gresham's diversions is said to be a ride on the front platform of a Chicago street car, where he can talk horse with the driver.

—The leaders of society are not always callous to the needs of those less fortunate than they are. Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor are said to give away more than $100,000 a year in unostentatious charity, while Mrs. Astor is interested in mission work.

—The late Samuel Alexander Gerry, of Boston, had won prominence as a painter of landscapes and miniatures, and was one of the founders of the Boston Art Club. He passed forty summers among the White Mountains, where he found subjects for many of his pictures.

—The gradual decay of Louis Kossuth is pitiful. Of all the infirmities of age, he finds the gradual loss of eyesight the least easy to bear.

—Since Rudyard Kipling's phenomenal success, the ambition of the whole family may be said to have been looking up. A book by the father is now followed by one by a sister.

—Joseph B. Gilder sailed on Wednesday on the *Majestic* for England, where he will take the first holiday he has allowed himself since his sister and himself started the *Critic*, ten years ago. Ten years of work and three weeks of play is a very unfair proportion, but it has not had the traditional effect on Mr. Gilder.

—Prince Henry, of Germany, the Emperor's younger brother, is having a fast forty-ton English yacht built for him, and expects to have lots of fun racing her the coming season. His Dutch courage gave out when it came to hiring a crew, and English sailors will manage the plaything for him.

—During his exile to this country Talleyrand lived for a time in Philadelphia, but none of the houses that then gave him shelter are now standing. The tradition that he kept a shop and sold buttons to the Quakers is accounted for by the fact that he once roomed over such a store, and may have occasionally tended shop for the proprietor.

—Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the savant, who lives in England, and has been practically a widower for the past forty years, can scarcely be said to have been bereaved by the recent death of his wife, who passed away on the same day that Prince Napoleon did. The Prince married Marianne, the beautiful daughter of the sculptor Conchetti, nearly sixty years ago; but the union was not happy, and the couple finally separated; the Princess, however, declining a divorce, although her consent would have been paid for with a fortune.

—Lord Tennyson's income from his poems is said to be over $30,000 a year.

—Prince Louis Bonaparte, the present head of the family, is said to strongly resemble the first Napoleon in countenance. In physique he is tall, thin, and muscular, with a dignified and gracious manner.

—The new Brigadier-General of the army, Augustus Valentine Kautz, whose promotion follows the retirement of General John Gibbon, is a veteran of several wars. He fought in Mexico as a private, but afterward received a West Point education, and won the commendation of General Scott for gallantry in the Indian campaigns of 1857. General Kautz's record during the late war was brilliant, and he is also known as a vigorous Indian-fighter. His promotion comes none too soon, for he will be retired himself next January, when he becomes sixty-four years old.

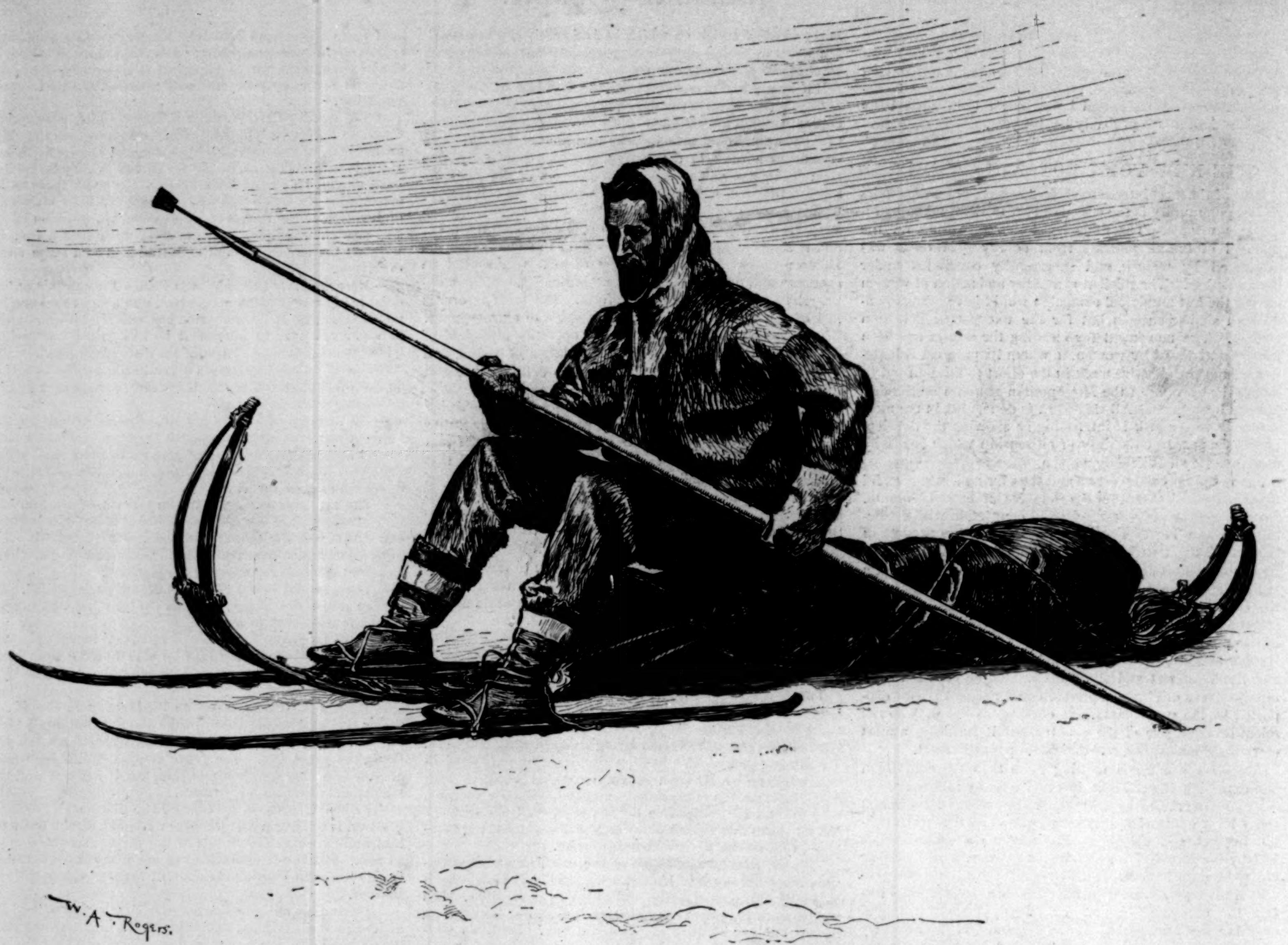
—All who called on Prince Bismarck April 1st to congratulate him on his birthday anniversary received from him his photograph bearing his autograph.

—A house where Garibaldi formerly lived, in Clifton, Staten Island, has recently been sold at auction, with a number of articles of furniture which the great Liberator had used.

—One of the most remarkable old gentlemen in New York is Colonel Charles B. Tappen. He is ninety-six years old, but on almost every week-day of the year he walks from his home on Sixty-eighth Street, where he lives with his son, Frederick D. Tappen, President of the Gallatin National Bank, to Wall Street and back again. Colonel Tappen received his military title from Governor Marcy in 1843, while a member of the State militia; but he was also a soldier in the war of 1812.

—The distinction of having crossed the Atlantic 501 times, and of having commanded all the leading Cunarders, belongs to Captain W. H. P. Hains, of the steam-ship *Etruria*. He is Commodore of the company's fleet, and has followed the sea since 1838.

—Count Tolstoï, the Russian novelist and philosopher, is a giant in frame and has a strong face, with blue-gray eyes and a long gray beard. He dresses roughly in peasant garb, his shoes being made by his own hand. In his diet he is a vegetarian, for he considers the slaying of innocent animals as needless cruelty. The Count's socialism leads him to live in the greatest simplicity, and the austerity which he cultivated some time ago caused a vigorous protest from his more practical wife, who saw that it was endangering his health and that of his family. The Countess and her daughters join with him, however, in his works of philanthropy and kindness among the peasants, by whom the whole family are greatly revered.



LIEUTENANT PEARY IN COASTING OUTFIT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

BY R. E. PEARY, U.S.N.

THE unquenchable spirit of arctic quest, dormant for several years past, is again awakened, and the dawn of another era of activity in polar exploration seems at hand. Four arctic expeditions are preparing to start within the next twelve months.

Baron Nordenskjöld will lead an expedition to the south pole. Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian scientist, who accomplished the first crossing of Greenland three years ago, is having a vessel built, in which he proposes to follow the *Jeannette's* course, and hurl himself into the pack north and west of Wrangel Island, with the expectation that he will be drifted over the pole and into Spitzbergen or Greenland waters.

Lieutenant Ryder, of the Danish navy, goes this month to east Greenland to explore the ice-packed section of coast fronting Iceland, and connect the discoveries of Graah and Holm in the south with those of Scoresby and Clavering in the north.

A small party of scientists from the Berlin Geographical Society are preparing to go this summer to the west coast of Greenland to study the "inland ice."

The writer will go out about the 1st of June, under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, to north Greenland, to attempt the location of the northern terminus of that country.

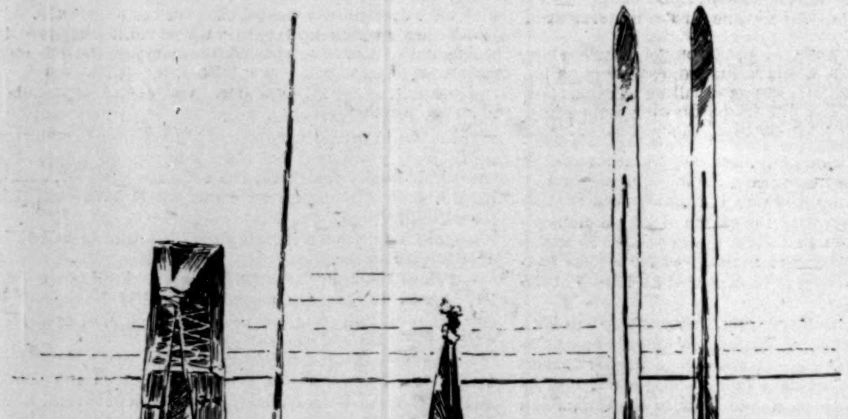
In route to be followed, method of execution, and details of equipment, my project presents some original features. It has, it is believed, as far as can be judged in advance of methods proposed for a region where conditions are notoriously uncertain, elements of simplicity and effectiveness, and it has met the unqualified approval of the highest geographical and scientific authorities.

It is the first attempt to reach a high latitude in Greenland *overland*, and will be the first American expedition to utilize the Norwegian snow-shoe, or skate, which I found so invaluable in my preliminary reconnoissance of the Greenland "inland ice" in 1886.

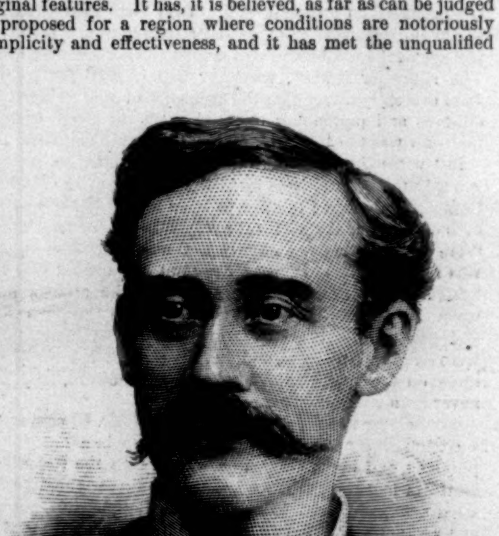
In lectures before the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the American Geographical Society, and the National Geographic Society, the project has been outlined briefly as follows:

"My party, numbering five or six, to arrive next June or early in July at Whale Sound. Remainder of season to be spent in putting up winter-quarters in Whale Sound, laying in a store of meat, collecting, surveying, making reconnoissances of the 'inland ice,' and if the season be favorable, establishing an advance depot of supplies near the southern angle of Humboldt Glacier. The winter to be occupied

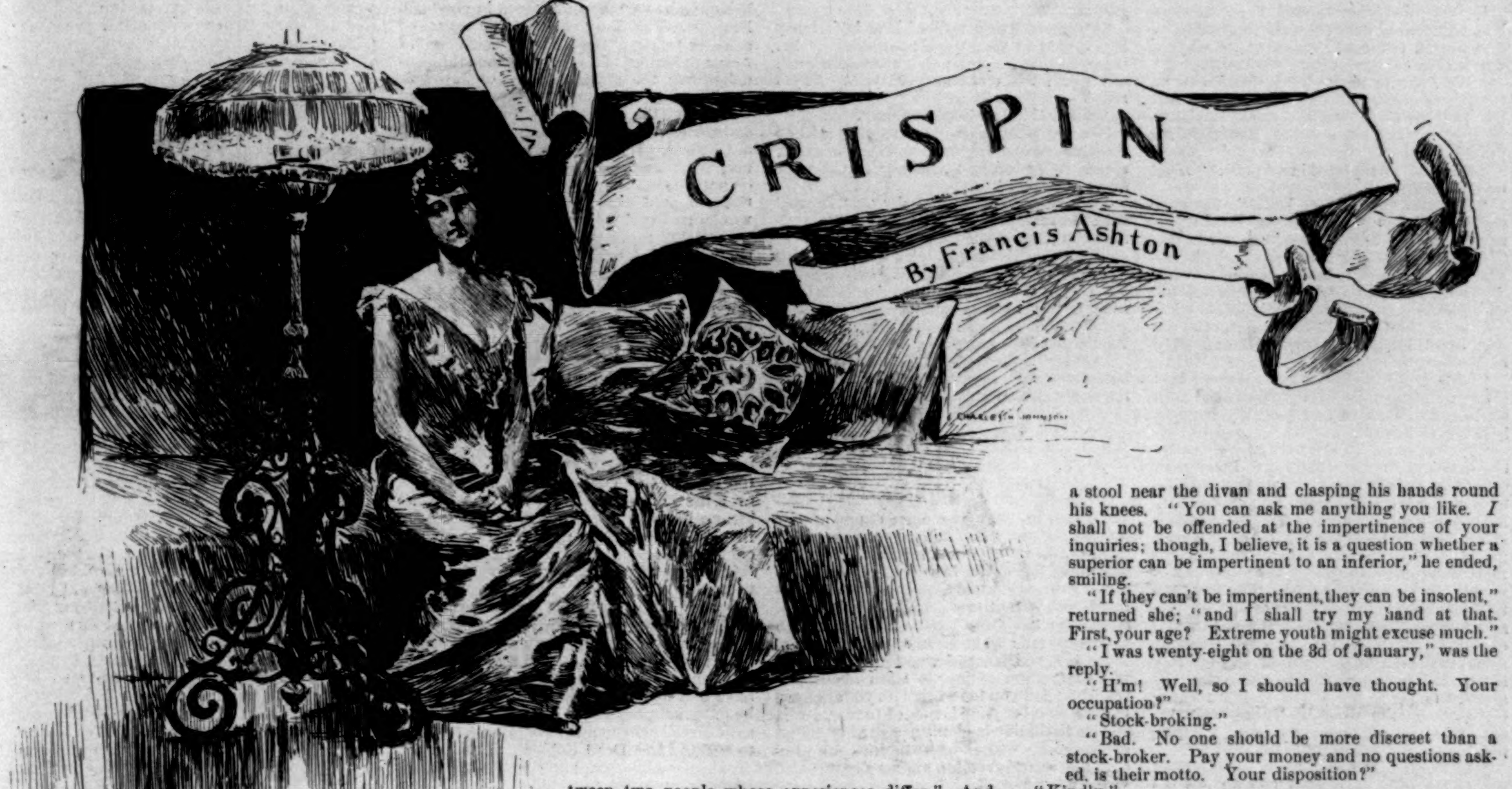
(*Continued on page 383.*)



LIEUTENANT PEARY AND HIS COMPANION, DOMN GRACLE, OF SWEDEN, WITH THE FLAG PRESENTED TO THE EXPEDITION BY MISS ALICE DAHLGREN.



CIVIL ENGINEER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.
AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.



CRISPIN

By Francis Ashton

IT is a troublesome thing to find any one out when you hope to find her in; but when the cases are reversed, it is an embarrassing one. When I add that the visit was purely formal, and that Darnley knew neither his hostess nor her daughter, except to bow to, you may imagine his feelings when the servant said, "Yes, sir; Miss Copley's in the drawing-room, sir," and proceeded to help him off with his coat.

He had counted on their being out, or at least "engaged"; for there was a big ball and any number of dinners that night, and he had particularly chosen it as an opportunity to leave numberless cards. It wasn't precisely the thing to make formal calls in the evening, but people would understand that he never got uptown in the afternoon. However, here was his evening gone, and with an internal groan he passed into the large dimly lighted room as the man threw open the door and announced, "Mr. Darnley."

There was a quick rustling movement, and the visitor realized that his hostess had been lying down on the big divan by the fire, and had righted herself just in time to receive him. "Worse and worse," he thought; but in a moment they had shaken hands, and he forgot his embarrassment and boredom in the exciting discovery that two great tears hung on the lady's lashes. Only a moment was allowed him in which to make this observation, for she pointed to a chair at some distance, and he, turning to draw it nearer, found on facing her again that she sat dry-eyed and self-possessed, with some cushions at her back, and every appearance of calmness and content expressed in her face and attitude. Whereupon Darnley pulled himself together.

"I want to thank you," he began, "for the delightful evening I spent here. I never enjoyed a dance more; and though I am not much of a dancing man myself, I found even my clumsy feet could waltz on your perfect floor to your perfect music."

"You must thank mamma for that, not me," was the answer. "It was her floor and her music."

"But the company must have been somewhat of your choosing, and it was in keeping with the rest."

"Smooth like the floor and sweet like the music?" And Miss Copley laughed.

Darnley had an uncomfortable feeling that she was laughing at him. He had not noticed her on the night they spoke of, having had other interests, but now came to the rapid decision that she had the kind of looks he most admired. But those tears? What had they meant? Ah! he remembered to have heard she had a story—a story, yes. But she was speaking:

"I would like to know which member of the company most deserved those appellations. Tell me—do; I would like to hear your opinion." And she bent forward a little, and opened wider her long shining eyes.

Darnley had a rudimentary theory that long eyes and powers of fascination went together, based probably on some very youthful observation, or possibly a novel.

"I don't feel prepared to offer up my inclinations to be dissected without sufficient inducement," he returned, coolly enough; "but I will make a contract—"

"Ah, I see!" interrupted Miss Copley. "I should have remembered that men never give to women; they sell." And she leant back on her cushions.

Darnley flushed—something he had a trick of doing when deeply interested; a youthful peculiarity not in keeping with his somewhat aggressive aspect.

"Exchange is no robbery," he answered. "But let me thank you for your good opinion of the sex;" and he made her a mock bow.

"You admit my soft impeachment, however," she remarked, regarding him with a composure which was stimulating, for it roused in him the wish to destroy it.

"Not in the least," he said. "But where a question is entirely a matter of experience, there can be no discussion between two people whose experiences differ." And he, too, leant back.

Miss Copley's expressive eyes grew narrow as she looked at him—looked at him "hard," as people say, as though to fathom his thoughts. He was a type of man very generally attractive to women, heavy in frame and feature, handsome perhaps, but uncompromising. The mouth, however, was sensitive, and the head good, both of which facts Miss Copley noticed.

"My experience with men has been varied," she said; "and yours, as far as their relation to women are concerned, must be confined to a single source—yourself. Draw the conclusion."

"You are clever, but I consider the experience a man has from other men— But no; you are right, I suppose. As far as personal experience goes, you are beyond me; but in knowledge—knowledge of the world—I must have more of that than you."

"Of course, in many ways. I grant you your unenviable possession. A woman's world is limited, especially as to variety of surroundings. Her events—shall we call them?—are myriad, however. It is life in the drawing-room principally; but the play can be exciting, though you do not change the scene."

"I suppose it can," replied Darnley. He wasn't thinking of what she said, but wondering if her story had been a love story. But of course it had; and who had been at fault? For some one must have been; for here she was, and here he was, by good fortune or bad, and he felt somehow as though he never would be anywhere else—as though, to carry out her metaphor, the comedy of their lives would be acted out in that big luxurious room, with its soft lamp-light and polished floors. But then Darnley often reckoned as permanent his passing feelings.

"I believe I've been seriously thinking," he said, breaking the long silence; "please forgive me for such an unwarrantable solecism in a drawing-room. I should have been chattering commonplaces, but somehow you don't provoke them. You are the kind of woman one ought to spend a day with, not an hour."

Miss Copley smiled.

"Are you thinking," added Darnley, quickly, "of all the men who have told you that?"

"All of them? No; only of one." And she smiled again.

"I don't think I like that even as well," said her exacting visitor; "since I cannot have my day to myself, I might be allowed my hour."

Her expression changed. "Would you be satisfied with an hour?"

"No; but I would be grateful."

"Really, that would be something worth seeing—a grateful man! I think I will risk a whole hour of my thoughts—not my polite speeches; those were yours, at any rate—but I, myself, shall be at your disposal; and, to begin, ask me for the answer to that question which has been troubling you ever since you came in."

Darnley deliberated a moment; then, "I think it resolves itself into this," was his unwise reply, while he met and held with his her lustrous eyes, "could you ever care for another man?"

There was a moment of terrible silence.

"In asking that question you had not even the excuse of being in love with me," was Miss Copley's answer, and her face expressed a sudden scorn that brought the blood to his face.

"You said I might," he pleaded, deeply ashamed. "But I shouldn't have said it, I know; only if you knew—"

"How intense your curiosity was," she finished, contemptuously, and settled back among her cushions, an offended queen.

"I suppose I ought to go at once, and leave you to think me a cad for the rest of my days," and Darnley walked the length of the room. Coming back, however, he leant against the mantel-piece and looked down into the fire, while Miss Copley watched him with that intent look one sees most in the eyes of animals.

"I asked you that," he said at last, bluntly, "not because I was curious, but because I was jealous, though I am not in love, as you say. Explain me to myself before you condemn me."

"You don't give sufficient data," said his young judge, with a half-smile which conveyed some yielding.

"But I will—I will," retorted Darnley, seating himself on a stool near the divan and clasping his hands round his knees. "You can ask me anything you like. *I* shall not be offended at the impertinence of your inquiries; though, I believe, it is a question whether a superior can be impertinent to an inferior," he ended, smiling.

"If they can't be impertinent, they can be insolent," returned she; "and I shall try my hand at that. First, your age? Extreme youth might excuse much."

"I was twenty-eight on the 3d of January," was the reply.

"H'm! Well, so I should have thought. Your occupation?"

"Stock-broking."

"Bad. No one should be more discreet than a stock-broker. Pay your money and no questions asked, is their motto. Your disposition?"

"Kindly."

"*Vraiment!* Your temper? But I can answer that myself—quick, resentful, but not ungenerous."

"You are too kind."

"No, I am not; wait. Your education?"

"Deficient. I suppose you will say, so you would have thought."

"No superfluous remarks from the witness are in order. Have you many friends?"

"Lots."

"That is, you mean you think so. How many times have you been in love?"

"Once. For two weeks, while the girl was in Boston and I in New York."

"Be kind enough to be more accurate and less explicit."

"Really, I mean it."

"What were you doing at our dance, then, with that smooth and sweet young lady I saw you talking to most of the evening? I made a point of not carrying you off and making use of you because you looked so concentrated."

"I was having a very good time. One doesn't have to be in love to have that."

"No; but one should be in love, with your manner; it's a trifle brutal if you haven't any excuse. I simply advise you, by-the-way, not to ignore the whole room, unless you have some good reason. But to return: you say you've only been in love once. Well, then, do you flirt much? I suppose that's what you call it?"

"Well, yes; I tried to stop a while ago, but women—"

"Will have it, I suppose. I see. Well—"

"I won't answer any more questions; it isn't fair."

"Yes, you will; but I had better have hunted up an old 'character' book, as they used to call them, where they ask twenty questions, and consider themselves master of your soul. It always began, 'What is your favorite flower?'"

"I propose," said Darnley, taking note of the glossy black braids arranged at the back of her head, and inwardly giving up his allegiance to fair women, "that we both answer the questions, and as a concession I will answer first. My favorite flower is the Cape jasmine; I have just found it out. You look exactly like one;" and he looked straight at her.

"If I chose my flower on the same principle, it would take me too long to hunt it up. You are not floral." To herself she added, maliciously, "You are florid," and her smile conveyed something of her thoughts, for Darnley smiled back at her, a sweet smile that begged kind treatment and deprecated ridicule. "To go on," said Miss Copley: "your favorite author and your favorite poet?"

"One can't haul them out of one's pocket like a couple of revolvers. I care for so many. All of the big men. I can't pick out one; but for little special weaknesses of my own, I think I am fond of some sonnets by a man called Gray, who died years ago. I was reading them last night. And I've read a couple of novels I enjoyed immensely in the last month—one called *Part of the Property*, by some woman; and the other was *The Morgesons*, by Mrs. Stoddard."

"Don't go on," interposed Miss Copley, with some excitement. "I love David Gray, I cared immensely for that first book, and I revelled in the second. But did you like *Veronica?*" And the next ten minutes were occupied with an interchange of very sympathetic comment on and criticisms of the novels of the day, ending up with Kipling, as a matter of course.

Then Miss Copley broke off, and said: "We mustn't stick at books; let's find our other bonds. To proceed: your favorite hero?"

"I used to have a perverted liking for Themistocles when I was a boy, and as an outcome, I suppose, I am now possessed of a sneaking adoration of Napoleon."

Miss Copley held out her hand. "Really, we are one and the same person," she said, but withdrew her fingers before he could take them. "What is your favorite name for a woman?"

"That is indeed a poser;" and Darnley turned toward the fire, wondering what Miss Copley's name might be.

"Margaret, perhaps," she suggested, with a meaning laugh. Then added, brazenly, "Would it help you to know mine?"

Darnley stared at her thoughtfully. "Your name is Zuleika, or it ought to be."

"Hardly. But that will do for me. And now for a man's name?"

"Ah, no," was the young man's answer. "You must tell me your choice in that."

He was observant enough to see her mobile expression change from animation to dreaminess, but could think of no why or wherefore.

"My favorite name for a man," she returned, speaking slowly, and looking past him into the dusk that lay beyond the lamplight—"my favorite name for a man is Crispin."

"Crispin!" he repeated in surprise. "What an odd fancy!"

"It means, 'with curled hair.'" She gave the information with a tender little smile, as though it amused yet touched her.

"The only man I ever knew called Crispin," said Darnley, looking into the fire, "was the friend of a friend of mine, a fellow called Davenant—Crispin Davenant. I never did know him myself, to be accurate, but my friend knew him very well, and liked him—liked him awfully."

"Where did he know him?" asked Miss Copley. She had leaned her small head back against the cushions, and her voice came to him low and sweet.

"Down South. They were both spending the winter there, and they got to know each other very well before Jack came up. Davenant was not strong; one of those active athletic men that go like flowers. It was very sad. He had been thrown over by a girl, for no reason that he knew. He thought there was some woman in it, but never understood; she wouldn't let him. The last time they met after their break was at a party. He saw her, and got away from the girl he was dancing with to speak to her; but when he asked her to dance, she refused, and the way she looked at him made him know that any attempt to get at her would be like turning the knife in the wound. Those were his own words; I remember my friend's telling me."

Miss Copley sat up, and putting her hand across her eyes, as though to shut out the light, spoke again. "Did he love her still?" she asked.

"Love her! He simply thought of nothing else, Jack said; it was a kind of worship. He would sit for hours with his head in his hands in a kind of dumb agony, and then wander through the place like a lost spirit. No one noticed him much; they thought he had a mania for walking and driving and riding. It was all terribly sad, Jack said; he was such a splendid fellow."

"*Was?*" said Miss Copley.

"Yes. He died last week, heart-broken. I suppose his main-spring wasn't very strong, and it snapped."

Darnley, who had been looking into the fire, was silent a moment, but now turned to his companion. "It was a stupidly sad story to tell you," he said.

Her face had been covered by her white hands, and as she withdrew them, he saw her cheek was like snow.

"Don't take things to heart like that," he said, with some tenderness. "What will you have left for the things which really touch you?"

"What, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Copley, almost hoarsely. And getting up, she brushed by him, and went to the piano, which stood open at the end of the room. She played a waltz, and Darnley, standing so he could watch her, thought her almost beautiful.

"I never heard that music," he said.

"No?" she answered, absently. "I have danced to it many, many times." And slipping into another tune, she finished with a crash of chords, and looked up at him as he stood leaning against the piano. "We forgot our questions, didn't we?" she said, with a faint smile. "We will finish them some other time."

"Is that my congé?" replied Darnley, with a kind of tender reproach in his voice. "Let me stay awhile longer. I want you to care a little whether I come again or no. I am beginning to think that the impossible question I asked you had something prophetic in it. I have never seen any one so utterly bewildering. I want—"

"You want!" she repeated, proudly. And looking at him, another face came before her eyes and shut him out—a fair Norman face, with eyes as blue as the Mediterranean. "Hyperion to a satyr," was her passionate inward comment, cruel and unfair to Darnley as it might be.

"Am I presumptuous?" he faltered; and as he gazed at her he had a fancy that two tears, slipping lightly from her lashes, fell on the ground between them, and where they fell a green hedge sprang up to separate her from him.

"I was rude. Forgive me," said Miss Copley. "What do you want? Very possibly something I should be glad to give you;" and she smiled at him.

"I want to be allowed to try to make you like me. Really, I mean, perhaps—perhaps"—he continued, and his ardent eyes betrayed his wish.

Looking into them with an unfaltering sweetness, she shook her head. "It isn't worth while. I will be frank with you—utterly frank, as one seldom is. Do you remember the line, 'In all your wide warm earth I have no part'? Well, it's like that. I am all part of the past—all of me—all. You'll find some charming creature, quite fresh and all your own, and I shall be glad whenever I hear of it. Don't be foolish," she went on, less gently, as Darnley began a resentful protest. "Don't be dull. Don't you see, I am not for you?" And she made a gesture as though to free herself from a galling fetter.

The green living wall of Darnley's fancy had turned to stone; yet, maddened by her inaccessibility, he tried once more to scale it. "May I not come and see you? May I not—"

"No," said Miss Copley, coldly.

She was possessed with a memory of two strong hands holding hers as in a vise, close, close. Why had he let them go? Oh, to be alone and think!

Darnley walked to the door. "In that case," he said, gravely, "I will bid you good-night." And he passed into the hall.

Putting on his coat, he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and saw her standing beside him.

"I want to ask you a question," she murmured, her breath coming quick. "Did your friend tell you where Mr. Davenant was buried?"

Darnley looked at her. "In Ashville," he answered, and went out of the house into the street, and turned toward home.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

BY MRS. M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

"COME in," say the open doors of our Museum of Art, "and delight your eyes with things of beauty. Come in, and see how the nations of the world, from stiff old Egypt to crude young Columbia, have put themselves on record in that many-branched language, spoken by the finger-tips to the eye, which faithfully tells what each of them has felt, loved, believed, imagined, and desired. Come in to rest from to-day, to learn about yesterday, and, if you too work with your fingers, to gain help for your labors of to-morrow."

This invitation is gladly accepted by scores of thousands whose opportunities for pleasure and self-instruction are very scant; and when wisdom and philanthropy shall have secured its utterance on Sundays also, still greater and still more eager crowds will come.

But once within the doors of the museum, how fares the visitor whose knowledge of art is there to be gained? Probably he enters with the belief that he ought to be interested by all he sees. Surely he will not be.

First of all he is confused by his ignorance of the fact that interest need not always mean great admiration; he does not know that the value of some works of art is historical rather than intrinsic, that the purpose of a museum is to show not only forms of pure and finished beauty, but also the mile-stones that have marked the different roads along which men have struggled toward these forms. In an ideal museum he would not find it difficult, granted a little good guidance, to absorb this truth; and learning what deserves unstinted admiration and what does not, with the elementary reasons why, his interest in the imperfect as in the finest things would grow at every step.

But ours is not an ideal museum. Generosity, energy, and public spirit have filled its great rooms with surprising quickness. But Americans have yet to learn that speed does not always mean true progress, that to acquire is not always in the true sense to gain. With the imperfect things which have a valid title to their places in our museum stand a multitude which might better be under another roof, and some which under any roof would only do discredit to the name of art. The imperfection that means an early stage in a magnificent line of development is shown by such works as the Eginetan reliefs, dimly anticipatory of those that the Parthenon was to wear; and the imperfection that means the blind effort of a race which never did or could advance much further is revealed by the almost formless carvings of aboriginal Americans, instructive because of their very formlessness. Things of both these kinds a public museum ought to possess. But should it tacitly say of inferior works produced in times of full development, *These too have their value?* For example: if the Metropolitan Museum devotes a place to modern statues, we have a right to look for something better than a collection of stupid or futile works, amid which it would be hard to choose the worst did not the monument to Edgar A. Poe assert itself so painfully, amid which there is only one of genuine excellence, the recently acquired "Bohemian" of Mr. Bartlett. It should not give up yards and yards of precious wall space to modern pictures which merely show how modern men ought not to paint. And while displaying a fine series of casts to tell how men have built in various beautiful ways, it should not have constructed a Hall of Ancient Sculpture where the lighting is bad, and where painted, varnished wooden columns pretend to be black marble.

Let us fancy ourselves making a first visit to the museum, and being guided about by a friend who knows it well. The hall I have just named is the one where we enter. We need not delay here long, for its series of casts, now small, is soon to be greatly enlarged; but the Willard collection of architectural casts, filling the great central hall, is already so fine that I am tempted to call it the museum's most valuable possession—so interesting, that more than one visit might well be devoted to it alone. If we care for laces, for musical instruments, for Venetian glass, for Oriental pottery, or for Egyptian mummies and the myriad small objects which bore them company in their rock-hewn tombs, we may study them in good collections. The King collection of engraved gems is famous; the Lazarus collection of fans, miniatures, and other precious things is delightful; the new collection of Japanese swords is probably the best in the Occidental world; and the Baker collection of Egyptian embroideries and woven stuffs is surely without a rival. Here the modern artisan may find fresh and helpful suggestions for his own work; but it is not so with the reproductions of gold and silver ware to which a whole gallery has been allotted. No one would care to see many of these examples studied as models for to-day.

In the Vanderbilt collection of drawings by the old masters our guide points out a few for admiration, but the majority make him wonder who dared attribute them to such famous hands. What a mistake it was to fill even a small alcove with Mr. Richards's water-colors! But, on the other hand, it was a very wise idea to devote a room to memorials, chiefly portraits, of Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette. Some of them are grotesquely funny; but these are just the ones that should increase popular reverence for the founders of our republic, showing that even the European peasant and the Chinese artisan knew of their fame and craved their likeness. Here again we learn how historical interest may give genuine importance to things whose intrinsic worth as works of art is extremely small.

In one place we find a tiny alcove filled with wrought-iron. This we wish were larger, for there has recently been a "revival" in our use of iron, and a good chance to learn how it has been used by those who have best understood its possibilities would be extremely helpful. Near it stands a big altar-piece of enamelled pottery which ought to bear Andrea Della Robbia's name instead of Luca's, while the photographs that surround it ought not to be labelled as showing the work of the "Della Robbia brothers." Andrea was Luca's nephew, and between them they did far more to make the family name illustrious than did Andrea's group of sons.

What now will our guide tell us of the Cesnola collections, which were the first of importance that the museum acquired? He need not reopen the old question as to how far their worth is impaired by the fact that many of their finest objects went to European museums, or by the belief that some of those we see were "restored" in forbidden ways. It is more needful for us to know that we need not try to cultivate our sense of beauty by the contemplation of Cyprian works of art. Their value is great, but it is distinctly of the historical kind. They appeal to the artist and to the simple lover of art far less than to the archæologist, rejoicing that he has found a link between the art of Greece and those earlier developments in Egypt and Assyria from which it sprang. Therefore they are of far less importance here than in countries where comparative methods of study can better be applied to them. Cyprian art should, of course, be represented in our museum, but it is represented with a redundancy that fatigues even the specialist. A few score statues, heads, vases, and lamps would have sufficed, as in all these hundreds we see a constant reiteration of the same types, the same ideas. The glass from Cyprus is, however, a veritable treasure. In no museum in the world could we see so many fine specimens of antique glass; and while it teaches something in regard to good form, it delights by its endless display of the iridescent, gorgeous colors with which nature's underground agencies have coated it.

But if we are like the majority of the museum's visitors, we shall be ill content until we see its picture collections. These were begun at nearly the same time that the Cesnola collections were bought, by the purchase of a gallery of old Dutch and Flemish works. Unfortunately it likewise proves that it is a mistake to acquire things in too wholesale a fashion. Genuinely valuable are the bold sketch of Hille Bobbe (No. 51), which is attributed to Franz Hals, but may have been painted by one of his sons; Van der Helst's sober portrait of a burgomaster (No. 44); the young girl in a brown dress, by De Vos (No. 14); the study by Greuze (No. 4), and perhaps two or three of their companions; and a year or two ago Mr. Morgan gave an admirable triple portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds which does much to enliven the room. But, for the most part, its pictures are dismal, mechanical, and third rate, though often baptized with high-sounding names. If we are unhappy in their company, we need not despair of learning to like the old masters.

We can test ourselves better in the adjacent room, where we find those which Mr. Marquand has given. Once more good things are mingled with poorer ones, and great names are sometimes used with slender warrant. Our guide will not ask us to believe that Holbein painted this Archbishop Cranmer, Franz Hals this portrait of two gentlemen, Leonardo this portrait of a lady, or Rembrandt this "Adoration of the Shepherds." Nor will he let us be content with these two gray and heavy Constables as fully revealing the famous Englishman's power. But he will bid us trust the evidence as regards half a dozen other Englishmen. He will point out a very fine Franz Hals in this big portrait of a man, and a still finer one where this portly jovial dame smiles from the boldly brushed canvas. He will show us an excellent and famous work of Rembrandt's late period in this Lansdowne portrait, and say that no single figure could better show the talent of the most graceful and refined of all portrait-painters than does this "Duke of Lenox," by Vandyck. He will tell us to learn something of Velasquez, especially from the beautiful portrait of a little boy, and will call Cuyp's small landscape a treasure, Van der Meer's interior a pearl of price, and many of their companions excellent and delightful works.

Yet while Mr. Havemeyer's loans still remain at the museum, our guide can take us to still finer things. Surely the two most wonderful pictures in America are Pieter de Hoogh's rich and glowing "Dutch Interior" and Rembrandt's "Gilder," with its union of perfect drawing and perfect color, of broad effect and full detail.

We have heard a great deal of the Wolfe collection of modern paintings. We are disappointed when we see it, if we know at all what modern painting means. Neither money nor pains were spared in its formation, and a true and generous wish for the people's benefit inspired its bestowal. But 143 canvases, if gathered with less regard for the passing fame that mediocre artists so easily win, might have given a much more wholesome and lasting kind of pleasure. The two Meissoniers (Nos. 63 and 84), the Corot (No. 60), the Troyon (No. 22), the Gérôme (No. 48), and the Bargue (No. 20) do indeed deserve perpetual enshrinement in a public museum; for although not among the greatest masterpieces of the great men who painted them, they adequately represent their talent. But in the pictures by Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, and Rousseau we see men of equal rank in work that is far inferior to their best. Jules Bréton, Isabey, Munkacsy, Couture, and Decamps are artists of lower rank, but are also entitled to a place and are well explained. The little pictures by Domingo, Pasini, Villegas, and De Mesgrigny are charming things to look at, and so are the water-colors by Meissonier, Fortuny, Leloir, Vibert, Boldini, and Détaille. But neither Rosa Bonheur, Van Marcke, Rico, Fromentin, Roybet, Alfred Stevens, Vibert, Vollon, Bonnat, nor Détaille can be fully appreciated in the paintings that they contribute; and many others, who are really represented by their best work, never did any work good enough to be kept forever before the public eye.

We shall find the modern pictures that have come from other sources more interesting and instructive. They too teach the lesson that mere generosity, unchecked by a stern critical sense, will never form an ideal museum collection. Such canvases, however, as Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne Darc," Manet's "Boy with the Sword," and Lérolle's "Organ Rehearsal," as Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and her brother's "Forest of Fontainebleau," as Meissonier's "Friedland," Fortuny's "Spanish Lady," Harpignies's "Moonrise," Détaille's "Defence of Champigny," and Dannat's "Quatuor," might struggle against much more uncongenial surroundings, and yet make their value and their individuality clear. These indeed are pictures that a public museum ought to own—representative works of representative men, too important to be secluded in private homes and too large to be well displayed there. But mere bigness and mere showiness ought never again to be allowed to claim whole walls in our museum. We want no more things like Benczur's "Columbus," or Hans Makart's "Diana at the Chase."

Each year the list of American pictures has grown steadily if slowly. To-day the most remarkable one we own is Dannat's "Quatuor," with its strong and spirited portrayal of Spanish street singers; it would be well if a future day could bring Sargent's Spanish café dancer from Boston to be hung beside it. Most of the American pictures of an earlier time than ours have small intrinsic merit. But once more our guide may plead historical interest in their behalf. They show, as European pictures of the same date do not, the tentative stages of a new national development; and as this development is our own, there is a double excuse for their preservation.

These and many other things our guide will show us, and wherever we stand he will tell us: This is very good; this is not so good; this is not good at all; this you will learn to like if you can appreciate art at all; and that you must study if you want to see how men have tried to reach their ideals. But a patient cicerone is hard to find, and thus we come back to the question I put in the beginning: How is the average visitor to know at what he should look first or longest? How is he to learn the proper way to look at all? Who is to counsel the great multitude that come to the Metropolitan Museum with ignorant eyes but eager minds?

The answer seems to dictate itself: he who wants really to be instructed must buy the hand-books provided for his guidance. Unfortunately this answer cannot be given. Every student knows that a small, even a rudimentary, collection properly catalogued is far more interesting and instructive than a large one about which nothing can be learned; and every competent museum director acts systematically on this knowledge. The objects in some of our collections, notably the architectural casts, are carefully labelled. But even if this were the case everywhere in the museum, full, honest, and wisely critical catalogues would still be absolutely essential. A few weeks ago I purchased all that could be had: there was not a single hand-book; there were only five thin little catalogues, and the quality of these proved to be so poor that I could not wish their number greater. Worst of all is the one which purports to explain the Marquand collection of paintings. It is childish in the character of its criticisms, and constantly erroneous in its statements of simple facts. Even for loan collections which are to last only a few weeks the Boston Museum of Fine Arts often issues hand-books that deserve to be kept on one's shelf as valuable aids to future study. Surely we ought to have such for our permanent collections. I have dwelt less upon the value of these taken all together than on the fact that they vary much in character and quality, because I wanted to show how great is indeed the necessity that we should have them explained to us. This is a far more imperative need than the enlargement of our building or the multiplication of its contents. Until it is satisfied, the Metropolitan Museum will not become the thing it was meant to be and purports to be. To-day it is a place where infinite pleasure may be taken; it is not yet in the true sense an educational institution. The school it supports undoubtedly does good work; its rich collections might do much more, were their powers of teaching properly brought into play.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(*Continued from page 380.*)

in fitting sledges, clothing, and travelling equipment, and in snow-shoe and 'skier' practice, for which the head of Whale Sound is well adapted.

"Next spring four or five of the party will start over the 'inland ice' to Humboldt Glacier with full sledges, leaving one or two in charge of the house. If favorable progress is made, the party will go on from Humboldt Glacier to the head of Petermann Fjord. Here a second depot will be established, and two or three of the party with full sledges will push on, the others returning with light sledges to Whale Sound.

"The advance party will push on from Petermann Fjord to the head of Sherard Osborne Fjord, establish a depot there; thence to the head of De Long Fjord, establish a depot; thence to the northern terminus of Greenland. This point reached and determined, the advance party will retrace its steps to Whale Sound, taking up the various depots, and seize the first opportunity to return home."

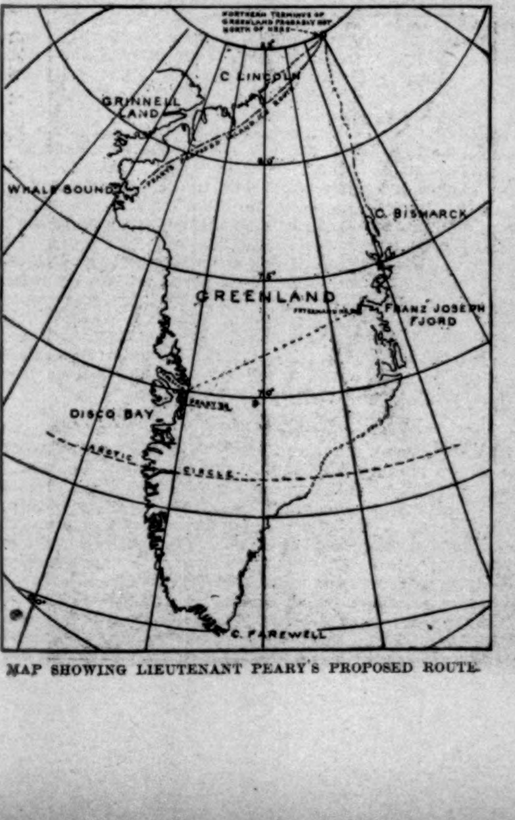
The whole theory of this project is based upon the fact that the interior of south and middle Greenland is known to be covered with an uninterrupted ice cap, and the more than probability that in north Greenland the conditions are the same, and the ice cap practically coextensive with the land.

This ice cap, except at the edge, is covered more or less deeply with snow, and on returning from his journey into the interior in 1886 the writer styled this unbroken snow surface, for a properly equipped party, the "imperial highway of inner Greenland," and is believed to be the first to advocate its advantages as "a route by which to reach and determine the northern terminus of Greenland in the quickest, safest, and most economical manner."

The special advantages claimed for this plan are:

The possibility of laying a straight course from point to point, with the certainty that no tidal crack or chaos of heaped-up ice will compel a long detour, or stop all further advance; that every foot travelled is a foot advanced, and the comforting assurance that nothing can happen to cut off the retreat.

The even and unvarying character of the surface to be traversed, and the gain in lightness of sledges and equipment, and rapidity of advance resulting therefrom.



MAP SHOWING LIEUTENANT PEARY'S PROPOSED ROUTE.

The length of season (at least six months) during which sledging may be prosecuted.

The facilities that the "nunataks," or island mountain-tops, which project above the "inland ice" at distances varying from two or three to forty miles from the edge of the ice, offer for forming depots of provisions.

Depots placed on these "nunataks" are safe from the attacks of bears or other animals, and the "nunatak" itself forms a prominent landmark by which to recover the depot.

The exceptional value of the elevation of the route in accurately charting the coast and detecting the existence of more northerly land or lands. From the heights of the ice cap, with miles of the coast lying like a map below, it can be charted with an accuracy and rapidity unknown to one toiling from headland to headland along the sea-shore.

The main-stays of equipment, outside of the ordinary items of sleeping bags, concentrated foods, etc., on which reliance is placed to accomplish my object, are special sledges of the type used by me in my former trip, but lighter and longer, Indian snow-shoes, and "skier," or Norwegian snow-shoes.

The light in which the project is viewed by some of our highest scientific and geographical authorities may be seen from the following extracts from letters I have received.

President C. C. Adams, of the geographical department of the Brooklyn Institute, says:

"Having examined the various features of the plan which you desire to carry out, we are of the opinion that it particularly commends itself for these, among other reasons:

"We believe that authorities upon arctic exploration are agreed that the next important work in that direction is to complete the mapping of Greenland, and in particular to ascertain its northern limit; that it is most desirable to carry out explorations on the northern coast line similar to those which Holm recently accomplished, and which Ryder is about to continue on the unexplored east coast, under the auspices of the Danish government.

"All authorities, we believe, share the opinion of Greely, Nares, and Markham, that it is almost hopeless to expect that much if any more can be done toward defining the northern coast of Greenland by the difficult Robeson Channel route than has already been accomplished in that direction.

"Your own successful journey on the "inland ice," the performance of Nordenskjöld's Lapps, and the achievement of Nansen, seem to furnish conclusive evidence of the availability of the great inner ice plain for long sledge journeys, and a reasonable probability that they afford the best, if not the only, possible route by which the northern extension of Greenland may be defined.

"While we believe the exploration and mapping of the north end of Greenland are ends so desirable as to justify the expedition, other results of much interest and scientific value relating to physical conditions and phenomena in that untrodden region would probably be attained, and the scientific study of the Cape York natives, thus far neglected, and which we understand to be one of your purposes, could not fail to be as rich in results as the recent ethnological researches of Holm on the coast of Greenland."

Professor F. W. Putnam, secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and head of the Department of Ethnography of the Columbian Exposition, says:

"I have read your plan with much interest, and it seems to me that your expedition is so carefully planned that, joined with your former experience in the North, it must insure success....

"The principle of pressing on with a small party in your final push to the North seems to me to promise unqualified success.

"Should you reach the northernmost point of Greenland, as I confidently believe you will, who can predict the problems you may be able to solve by observations made from that distant point?"

President Daly, of the American Geographical Society, says:

"I feel great interest in your contemplated expedition for determining the northern limit of Greenland overland.

"The plan you propose to adopt shows that you have carefully considered the undertaking. Your experience in your past explorations has been of great service in enabling you to foresee difficulties that may arise, and how to surmount them.

"I especially approve of the small number of persons that are to compose the expedition....

"I believe, moreover, that what is now to be gained in the arctic will be by expeditions by land, and not by water, especially in what you propose to ascertain—the northern limit of Greenland. I believe that it can be done, and that it will not be more difficult than Dr. Hansen's recent journey across Greenland, if well planned and judiciously carried out.

"I entirely agree in what you say, that it will be easier to explore Greenland from the inside than from the outside, 'through grinding ice-fields or along a ragged coast.' An accurate knowledge of Greenland is very desirable....

"It may be, also, that in the northern part an opportunity will be afforded for studying glacier movement on a large scale, which in that quarter is of interest, and may shed light upon the direction of the movements of glaciers in the glacier age; and upon other questions relating to the influence of humidity upon their formation, the cause of their movement in the past over large areas in different directions, and many other questions, now that theories that have hitherto been accepted are questioned upon the discovery of new facts, and where the whole subject of these phenomena, in connection with the nature and causes of the physical changes that have taken place upon the earth's surface, has become one of earnest inquiry."

The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia endorses the project in the following terms, over the signature of its late distinguished president, Dr. Joseph Leidy, one of the most eminent scientists in the country:

"The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, having had placed before it a project for the exploration of the northwest coast of Greenland by R. E. Peary, U.S.N., with the main object of determining the farthest extension northward of that region, desires to express its interest in the contemplated exploration.

"Apart from the solution of the weighty geographical problem which is involved in the determination of this northern boundary, it is confidently believed that results only second in importance to this would be obtained for other departments of science as well. The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia desires to specially emphasize in this connection the departments of geology and ethnology....

"The small personal risk is a feature which especially presents itself to favor."

The interest and favorable impression caused by the project has led to a change in the original plan, which was that my party should take passage to Whale Sound in one of the Baffin's Bay whalers.

Now a steam sealer has been chartered for the trip, and a party of eminent specialists from the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences will make the voyage to Whale Sound, and after the north Greenland party and its equipment are landed, will devote the remainder of the summer to a scientific cruise in arctic waters.

It is intended to obtain ethnological and other material from the Whale Sound region for Professor Putnam's department of the Columbian Exposition, and the results of the cruise generally will, it is anticipated, be of exceptional scientific interest and value.

Both the American Geographical Society and the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia have evinced a practical and substantial interest in the matter, and to the immediate and energetic interest of the latter body, through its north Greenland committee, consisting of Dr. Joseph Leidy, Professor Benjamin Sharp, Professor Angelo Heilprin, Mr. Gavin W. Hart, Dr. W. S. W. Ruschenberger, Dr. H. C. McCook, and Professor D. G. Brinton, is due the fact that there has been from the start no doubt as to the successful launching of the expedition.

THE FLOWER MARKET IN UNION SQUARE.

Though but six weeks old, it is a fine, lusty infant, with every promise of life and growth before it. Already there come to it florists from all points—north, south, east, and west of this big new Babel of ours. Upon any of these fine spring mornings you may see half a hundred wagons, all arranged outside the curb. They come rumbling up through that thick darkness that precedes the dawn. Three o'clock at the latest is the hour of arrival. By four, men and horses have been fed, and the work of selling begins. At that time retail florists and peddlers are the main customers, though now and again there is exchange of stock betwixt the greenhouse-men themselves.

No matter who buys, the flowers are unloaded, and stand in ranks and banks of bloom all about the pavement. The whole upper edge is bedded with them, and nearly all the eastern side as well. Merely to walk past them is a liberal education in beauty, in fragrance, and that spiritual cleanliness that clings and abides with fresh growth. Here are blossoms of all seasons, all climates—Easter lilies hard by Christmas roses; gladioli, autumn's especial flower, cheek by jowl with daffodils

> "That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty";

cacti from Mexico outvying English cowslips; Persian cyclamen smiling down on mountain pink, so dear to every woods-bred child. In addition, what wealth of carnations, of pinks, tulips, hyacinths, wall-flowers, stocks; what flames of scarlet geranium; what pendulous chimes of fairy fuchsia bells! From every hand come the subtle almond scent of heliotrope, the vivid fragrance of mignonette. Here a square yard of pelargoniums halts every passer-by to gaze at the pink and purple of their velvet hearts; there gorgeous calceolarias flame jewelwise against a background of tall ivies and taller palms. Everywhere pansies, gold and purple and blue and brown and black and many-colored, raise their quaint half-human faces by fifties and hundreds. If numbers count for aught, they are the flower of the hour. No grower thinks of bringing them in pots. Instead they come in flats—twenty-five, fifty, a hundred, all huddled together, a wreathy mass of bloom. There are ferns and foliage plants without number: blue myosotis—the poet's forget-me-not—in quantity; German marigolds, California poppies, big blowzy hydrangeas; pink, blue, white peonies; jasmine, honeysuckle, columbine, what not—a hundred more known only to such as are wise in the ways of the floral Egyptians.

Roses, too, of course; but a sorry sight to you, true flower-lover. The queen of flowers was not born to be cabined, cribbed, confined, within the narrow limits of a six-inch pot. True she blossoms there luxuriantly, but at what cost of grace and beauty to her green prickly self! Compare for a minute the stunted, starveling, leggy plant with the creature of the border, with its glory of leaf and stalk and yard-long trails of bloom. Think of a Gloire de Dijon opening to one sunrise three hundred perfect roses; of a Lamarque, mounded breast-high, ten feet across, and one mass of pearl white clusters; of a Maréchal Niel enwreathing a pillar eighteen feet in height, and golden with blossom from top to bottom—then say if indeed Queen Rose is not a flower for the open. All which to the contrary notwithstanding, potted roses sell as by magic, especially the deep red sorts, to which the sellers give, with noble impartiality, the name of Jacqueminot; about one in ten is entitled to it, but all are thorny and richly red. If that which they call a Jack by no other name would smell as sweet, who so cruel as to enlighten the purchasers? For the buyers are as well worth seeing as the market.

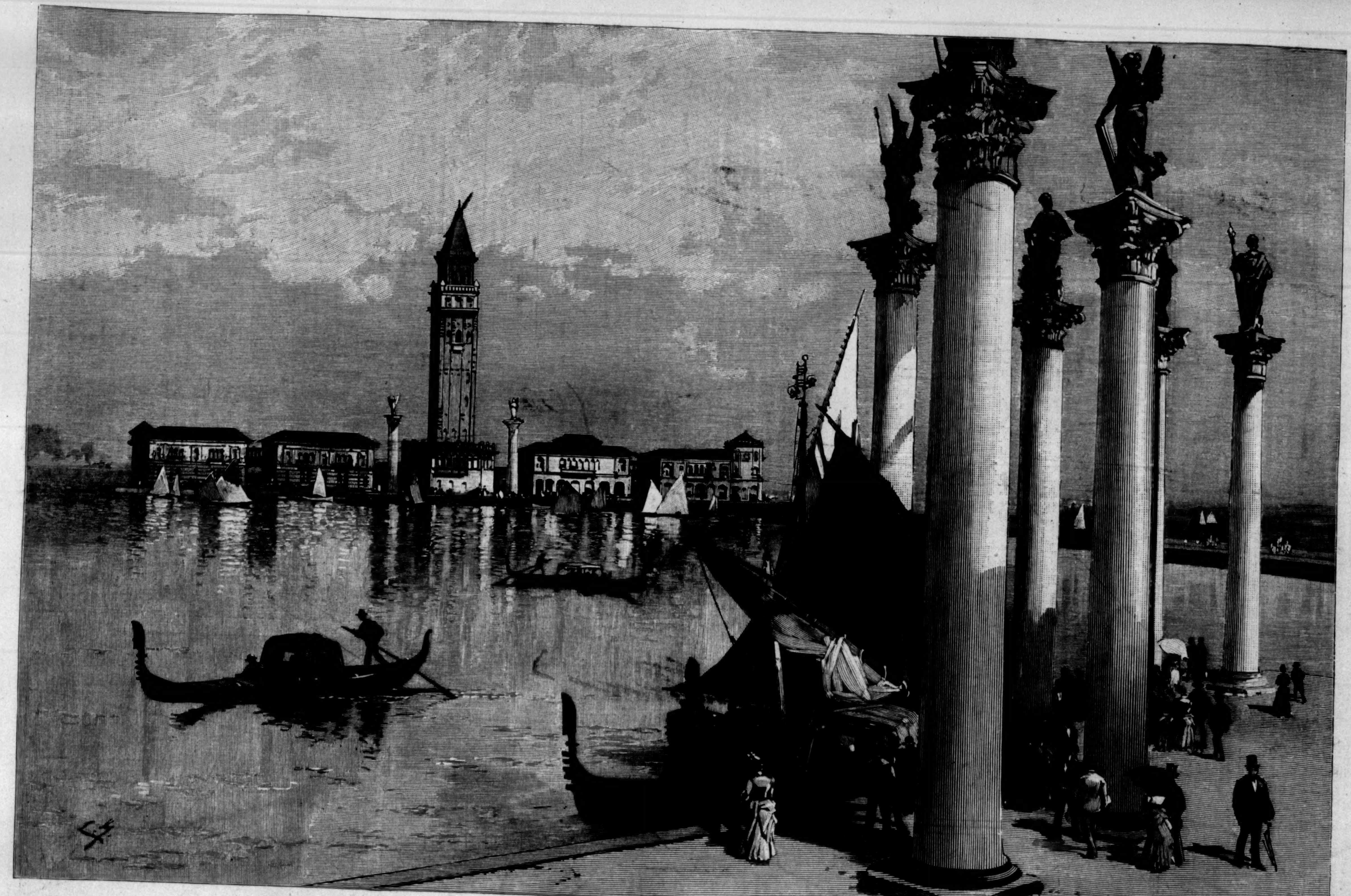
By five o' the clock there is a thin sprinkle, who dart hither and yon, snuffing eagerly at the blended fragrance, questioning, hesitating, evidently balancing in mind the sweetness of mignonette against the red glow of geraniums, or the enduring quality of a perpetual rose in contrast with the plenteous flowers of an evanescent carnation. There are as many men as women among them, evidently workers all. About one in three goes away with laden arms. Look at that slender woman in the worn gray ulster. Her bare fingers show all too plain the marks of the needle at whose point she wins bread. There is no hint of light or color in the thin, patient face. She has bought two pots, the pinkest rose, the reddest geranium, in all the market, and walks away with them cradled almost lovingly against her thin breast. Back of her come two cash-girls, who have pooled their pennies to buy a clump of velvet pansies; and over against them a white-haired old man, who leads a toddler by one hand, and in the other carries carefully a wee flower-pot with just one spray of white verbena. Here comes a little lad—he can barely have turned seven—with a flat of pansies poised carefully on his head. He almost staggers under it, but says, cheerily: "Whose flowers? Mine, I tell ye. I'm a spec'later, I am!"

By six, family parties come in. Here are husband, wife, and grandsire eagerly choosing what will please "mother" and "the baby." At their elbow a substantial couple are buying pots by fours and dozens. "Give us the worth of that—no change; do ye hear?" the gentleman says, thrusting a crisp bill on the dealer, who at once builds a flowery rampart about their feet. At sight of it a wan young mother smiles and sighs. Like many another in the throng, she is pushing a baby-carriage, in whose front nestle various blossoms. Her store is pitifully small, and the wee face on the pillow shows the sear of a fearful burn. Perhaps there is connection between the two facts. Anyway, the woman who has much softly sets half a dozen pots within reach of baby's hands, saying, with wet eyelids: "You have the flower I cannot buy. Take these for it." Here come lovers arm in arm—to look, not to buy. A bridal couple, too, strangers in town evidently, and mighty proud of their bridal bravery. Now come two high-stepping young women with a maid-servant and basket at their heels. They roam the market many times, but go away with the meagrest purchase.

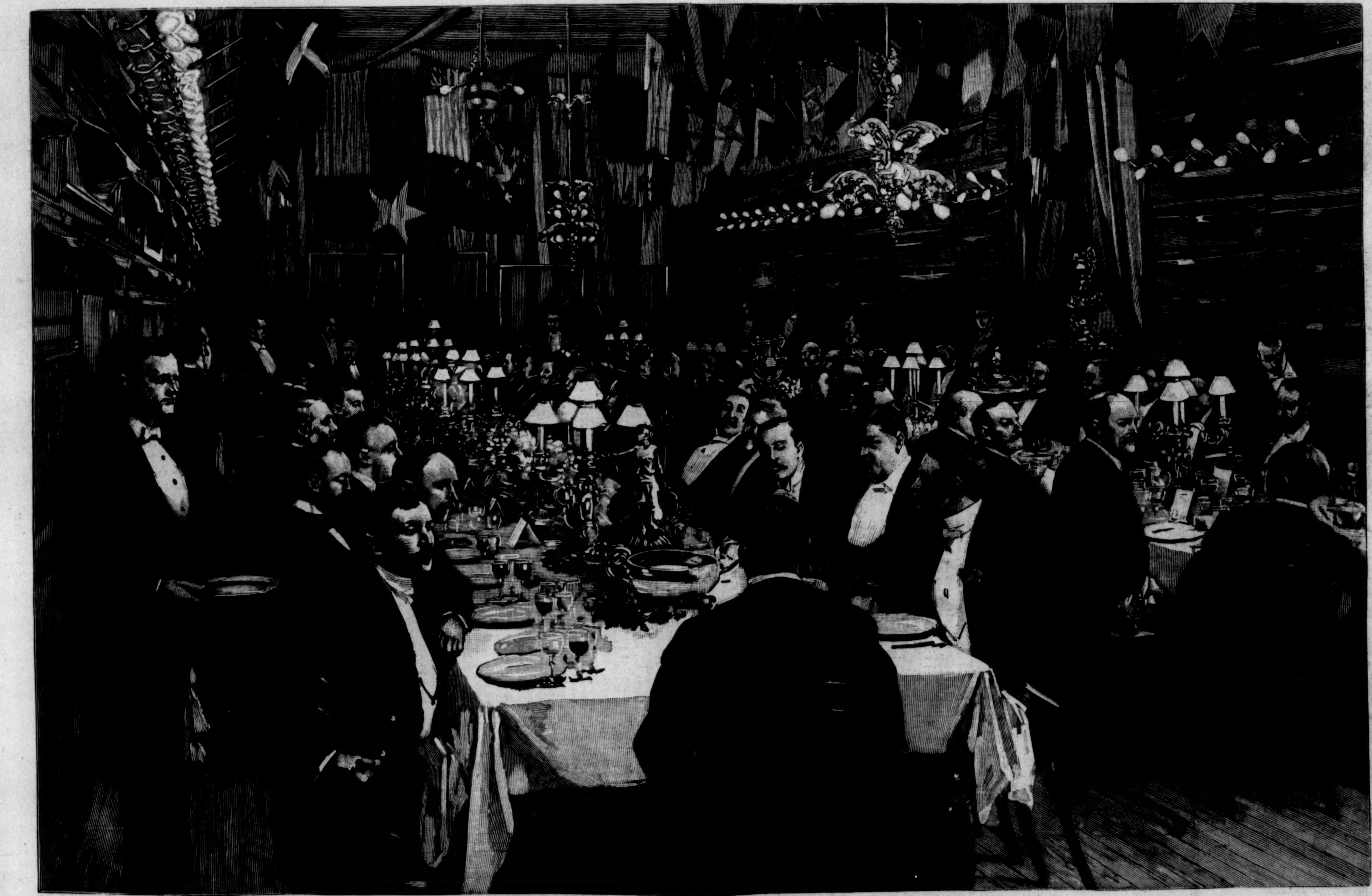
Every minute the crowd increases, the flowers diminish. There is much pushing and struggling through it, but no trace of ill-nature, even among the women sellers, of whom there are not a few. The traffic grows fast and furious. At this rate the market will be bare within the hour. Suddenly the policeman calls: "Get your stuff out o' this in ten minutes. Time's up—eight o'clock." Then there is bustling indeed. Bargains are made or lost at lightning speed. In the briefest space the "stuff" is rolling away, and only a little earth, a few loose stalks, remain.

Dealers there are unanimous in saying that the market is a most substantial betterment to their business. They are quite as unanimous in declaring that an extension of selling-time to twelve o'clock would quadruple the value of the privilege. Under present conditions, though they take away little unsold stock, trade is hampered and narrowed by the brief hours allotted to it. There seems to be no good reason for refusing the concession. Certainly none who stroll through the flower market can doubt that it has taken deep hold of "the plain people," and is like to prove a most efficient sweetener of many narrow lives.

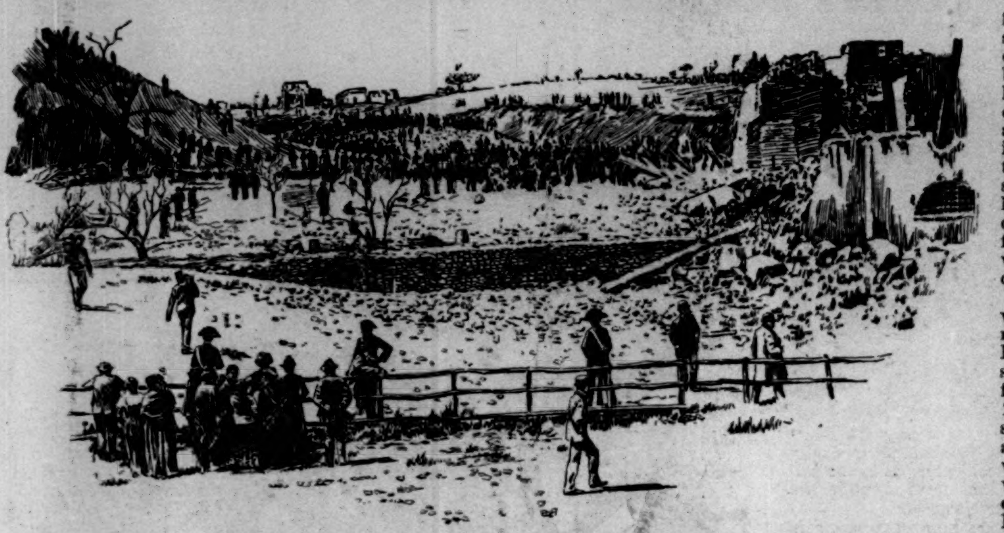
M. C. Williams.



THE PIER AND CASINO AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham from the Accepted Plans.—[See Page 386.]



THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 386.]



RUINED HOUSES, OR PLACES WHERE HOUSES HAD BEEN.

HOW KING HUMBERT HELPED.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

We were roused at a few minutes past seven on the morning of April 23d by a sensation somewhat similar to an earthquake. The house rocked and shook from the foundations, windows and doors were burst open, and a few moments later a terrific explosion shook the city and drew us all to the window. The sound of glass falling and smashing in every direction led us to imagine a bomb had exploded at our very doors. But our first glance showed us that the scene of disaster was at some distance from us, for over the Quirinal Palace a dense column of smoke arose, assuming the form of a gigantic pine-tree, afterward wind-driven to St. Peter's, where it obscured the great dome from our view. As the crowd saw the position of the cloud, one thought seems to have dominated all hearts—fear for the safety of the King. That the explosion could have taken place at a distance did not occur to any one who had just experienced the severe shock with its accompanying roar.

When we had ascertained that no bomb endangered our lives at our doors, we had time to notice the scene around us, with no little appreciation of its unique quality. People in all stages of toilet leaned from the open windows, while others, dressed or only half clothed, rushed about the streets, gesticulating, calling, shrieking, and gabbling wildly. No one knew more than his neighbor, but then his own sensations at this live moment were so extraordinary they merited description; so every one talked, and naturally no one listened.

The servants in our house ran about the corridors almost in convulsions of terror, praying, imploring protection from the Madonnas which they clasped to their breasts. For the moment it was bedlam within doors and without.

The papers afterward gave graphic accounts of the heart of Rome at this moment. Streets were congested with a mass of people—men, women, and children—in every stage of dishabille, surging toward the Quirinal, fearing to find the palace a ruin.

Meantime, the King, who was dressing when the shock came, rushed out in his shirt sleeves, jumped into a plain every-day cab, and dashed off toward the Porte Portese, divining at once what had happened. He was there by half past seven, so it will be seen that he must have gone at full speed; indeed, he was one of the first to arrive upon the spot.

The crowd, finding at last the true cause of the shock, now struggled to make a way to the gate—civilians, soldiers, firemen, monks, sisters of charity, beggars, workmen, and ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities. It was a sight, perhaps, to be seen only once in a lifetime, this human mass pouring out of Rome toward the scene of disaster.

Arrived there, I found the King the central figure, encouraging the wounded, organizing workmen, and even tearing away the débris with his own hands in the excitement of the moment when a woman's form was seen beneath the ruins. He drew near to the heart of his people this bright April morning, utterly forgetful of self, unconscious of fatigue, moved to tears by the suffering of the brave soldiers, king only by virtue of his power to lead on this terrible field of battle.

The powder-magazine, which contained 265 tons of powder, without counting an enormous amount of shells, bombs, cartridges, and other explosives, was situated about a mile and a half beyond the Porte Portese.

The inquiry into the cause of the disaster is not yet made. It will probably be from ten to fifteen days before the result is made public. The impression given by the leading papers seems to be that it was an accident, and not, as some thought at first, deliberate design of anarchists. The most credible account (from the *Roman Times*) runs, "that the magazine had been opened the previous day in order to air the contents; that the action of the air, combined with the rays of the sun, had inflamed the powder into combustion with disastrous result."

It relates that a short time before the catastrophe, the captain in charge heard a noise as of sacks of walnuts being moved. He guessed the cause, called all his soldiers out, and ordered them to leave the fort, whilst he, thoroughly aware of his danger, coolly remained until assured that his men were in safety. A few moments later the explosion ensued, and the powder-magazine was blown to the winds, leaving nothing but a heap of charred ruins to mark the spot where it once stood.

And, alas, for Captain Speccambla! His men got safely away, but he was caught, thrown down, and so battered, cut, and torn that no hope is entertained of his recovery. Among the wounded soldiers, too, there is a corporal whose courage and calmness are the talk of the hour. He was one of the last to leave the fatal spot, and was badly injured. It was found necessary to amputate his leg, which was torn to pieces. He refused to take chloroform, and bore the agony of the operation without uttering a word of complaint. When told that if he did not take chloroform he would suffer terribly, he quietly remarked, "A soldier should not fear pain."

There was one instance of courage which almost rivals the fable of the sentinel found at his post at Pompeii. When the sentry who guarded the magazine was ordered to leave the spot, he hurried out with gun and baggage. He threw himself flat on the ground when the explosion took place, and when it was all over, though horribly injured, took up his gun and walked back to his post, where he was found by the first rescue party. The King, when he arrived, found the brave soldier, dusty, black in the face, with the clothes almost torn from his body, but with his gun presenting arms. The hero is to be presented with the gold medal for valor, by order of the King.

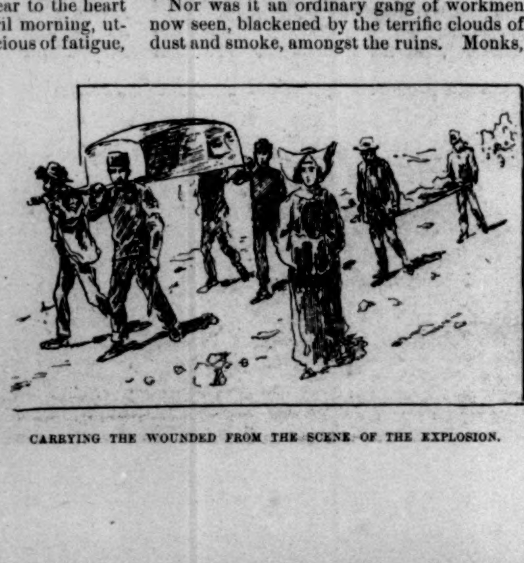
All the buildings for a mile round the spot have been partially when not utterly destroyed. Of course any in the immediate vicinity of the magazine are razed to the ground or blown completely out of sight. Of the magazine itself nothing is left but a heap of charred ruins.

The latest information as to the number of people who suffered by the explosion gives ten dead and two hundred and fifty wounded.

A monk was noted amongst the rescuing party, conspicuous for his energy and indefatigable efforts. His fine tact and administrative powers soon placed him at the head of the willing workers; he was, in fact, the brains of the impetuous crowd. Yet he was unknown and a stranger. It would be interesting to learn something of this heroic nature, but it is bound, I suppose, in the heart of the Church. How his pulses must have thrilled to be working thus once more, heart to heart, with the people!

Nor was it an ordinary gang of workmen now seen, blackened by the terrific clouds of dust and smoke, amongst the ruins. Monks, Sisters of Charity, soldiers, firemen, and civilians worked side by side with breathless anxiety, cheered on by the King, who, as he pushed his way into the throng, and tore away at the stones with his hands, received thundering acclamations from the ordinary work-people of the crowd.

Not until all the wounded were carried away did King Humbert leave the spot, and then it was for the hospital. The *Tribune*, of Rome, says of his appearance there: "No one would know that it was a sovereign who entered the ward. His blue suit was covered with a stratum of powder; his face was black, and agitated with emotion as he went from bed to litter with words of comfort and consolation for each sufferer; his boots were soiled; his hat crushed in," etc., etc. As he left the hospital, he was received with loud 'vivas' by the people crowding behind the cordon.



CARRYING THE WOUNDED FROM THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION.

The damage done to Rome has not yet been correctly estimated. In the eye of the artist and tourist it is apparently incalculable. We hear that the rare vases of the Etruscan collection in the Vatican gallery have shared the fate of the windows of Rome. Nearly all the galleries, palaces, and churches are closed for repairs. Some have suffered more damage than others; and it seems as though the most valuable of the stained-glass windows are most hopelessly wrecked. The streets glitter with crystals; so do the aisles of such churches as one can still enter.

Only a week ago we were luxuriating in the beauty of St. Paul's *fuori le mure*. We could not tear ourselves away from that superb nave, with its five pillared aisles radiant in the gorgeous flames of light shed from the colored windows beyond. Raising our eyes, we confronted the solemn gaze of those stately apostles, in their robes of purple, crimson, and gold, permeating the shadowy aisles with their atmosphere of ineffable peace, ineffable dignity.

And now! All are but a memory, for of St. Paul's not one window remains to tell posterity of the beautiful works of Muroni, the artist who created this noble procession, whose marvellous skill in coloring was the wonder of his age, and whose secret died with him.

So it may readily be seen that an El Dorado of gold could not repair the damage done to Rome by the terrific explosion of the powder-mill on Thursday, April 23d.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

"The only cruise that was ever sailed before that of the New York Yacht Club was the one which Mr. Noah sailed in his ship called the Ark," said Commodore Gerry, in the course of his felicitous toast on the occasion of the club's first annual love-feast, Thursday evening, May 7th. In the pleasure of reviving old scenes and spinning again and again old yarns told so long ago as to have become wellnigh forgotten, we forgive the unfortunate Mr. Noah aforesaid for having the "age" on Commodore Gerry and his mates, and commiserate with the unhappy antediluvian for not being one of the commodore's jolly crew.

We have a very great opinion of our pioneer yacht club, founded in 1844 on board Commodore J. C. Steven's yacht *Gimcrack*, and a sincere admiration for the men who nourished the glorious sport in its infancy, and made us one of the foremost yachting nations of the world. Years ago the annual dinners of the club were one of the happiest features of the season, but, as Commodore Gerry said the other evening, quoting the late George L. Schuyler, they consisted chiefly of turtle-soup and Madeira; the recipe of the former having been lost, and the latter drunk, the cessation of the dinners was a result to be expected.

In the revival of the old-time custom every member of the club has given enthusiastic support, and a more convivial lot of spirits than that gathered in the dining-hall of the club on this first celebration of the annual event was not to be found anywhere. The club-house was beautifully decorated, and the model-room, with the honored *America's* cup, the Commodore's Challenge Cup, the cup presented to Captain Osgood, of the schooner *Magic*, in 1870, and the *Sappho's* cup, were the prominent trophies in an array that must have represented upward of $100,000.

The most stirring event of the evening was when, at the conclusion of the dinner, all rose and joined in the rousing "Song of the Cup," composed by ex-Commodore Nicholson Kane, and given herewith:

"The cup! The cup! Fill up! Fill up! Oh, sirs, the night is young,
And faint the heart would care to part before the song is sung!
'Tis Neptune strikes the string till the grand traditions ring;
Oh, never yet have yachtsmen met a nobler theme to sing!

CHORUS.

Then pipe the watch and pop the cork; let landsmen go below;
Upon my word, they always do whene'er the breezes blow.
I pledge you, sirs, the cup! May we never give it up!
A bumper, sirs: The club! Hurrah! The cup! The cup! The cup!"

At the centre table was Commodore Gerry, with Judge Wallace, of the Circuit Court, on his right, and Lieutenant Henn, of the Royal Navy, on his left. Then came Commodore Hill, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club; E. C. Benedict; and E. S. Jaffray.

At the other tables were: Colonel Elliot F. Shepard, Theodore W. Myers, H. S. Parmlee, William Ziegler, J. C. Bergen, J. F. Perkins, J. Cortledge, E. B. Havens, F. M. Cronise, J. W. Hayward, J. C. Barron, G. C. Rand, F. Osborn, J. H. Starin, J. R. Platt, F. Hall, A. B. Jones, W. B. Wetmore, John M. Wilson, E. M. Padelford, C. T. Minton, E. Staples, G. Cormack, T. B. Asten, Albert Darling, F. H. Newburg, A. B. Paine, Morris F. Asche, J. T. Asche, R. S. Church, William F. Coster, William Dupont, H. A. Tucker, S. Peabody, R. S. Palmer, John S. Dickerson, C. B. Hendricks, W. E. Pearl, J. G. Moore, U. S. Jones, A. Monroe, D. T. Worden, John H. Bird, E. M. Brown, F. J. Robinson, R. P. Lounsberry, W. B. Duncan, F. W. J. Hurst, E. C. Stanton, T. D. Thurlstrup, J. V. S. Oddie, L. H. Swingston, F. F. Adams, H. C. Washington, James Francis, W. B. Duncan, Jun., William E. Iselin, Woodbury Kane, and F. B. Cutting.

C. W. W.

CASINO AND PIER, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

It is the purpose of the managers of the Columbian Exposition to have in the Casino a specially attractive feature. This department of the big Fair was designed for the purpose, as it is said, "of reproducing Venice on a small scale in Lake Michigan." And the architects, Messrs. Burling & Whitehouse, of Chicago, took the direction of their architecture from this suggestion, therefore, and made their designs of the Venetian order.

The Casino will be built on a site in the lake 1000 feet from the shore, to which it will be connected by a pier built on piles, and which will be 80 feet wide. The ground area, or more properly the water area, that will be covered by the buildings will be 180 by 400 feet. The Casino itself will consist of nine pavilions, with a central pavilion in the form of a campanile. Thus will be constructed nine distinct buildings two stories in height, and all, except the central one, 80 feet above the surface of the water. The Venetian canal effect will be had by the free passage of the water between the walls of the pavilions. The minor canals are designed to be only 18 feet in width, but the larger ones will be 30 feet, and the grand canal, or the passageway about the base of the campanile, will be 40 feet wide. The broader engineering here is furnished to more freely accommodate the congress of small craft that is liable to gather in these waters. The centre pavilion will be 130 feet high, and prettily arched bridges will offer intercommunication between the eight surrounding pavilions and the campanile.

The structural material will be of wood, and the walls will be filled in with staff. This material will give the artists an opportunity to produce some very striking combinations of high coloring, and the designers have asked that the walls be laid in with very bright shades of cream, sienna, yellows, and light reds. The roofs will be of the gable sort, and angled picturesquely, and will present the effect of a town rising out of the sea, covered with a little cluster of red roofs.

Before the Casino, looking shoreward, is a little harbor formed by the pier, inclining in a gentle sweep toward the south, and closed up on the north side by a breakwater. This breakwater will protect the harbor from heavy seas, and make it safe for the fleet of small boats and gondolas that will pass over its surface from all parts of the Exposition grounds to the canals of the little Venice 1000 feet out in the lake. The pier will serve as a promenade for those who desire to visit the Casino afoot. It will be 80 feet wide, and will be beautified with flags, electric lights, and other showy designs.

Forty feet above the water around the central pavilion will run a gallery or observatory 56 feet square. From this gallery, or from the smaller one near the summit of the pavilion, a most pleasing prospect will unfold itself. The east front of the galleries will look directly over the main lagoon and avenue. Beyond the 13 columns representing the 13 States of the Union, grouped about the peristyle that forms the approach of the pier, will rise the east façade of the administration building. On either side of the lagoon will be seen, in most entrancing perspective, the chief buildings of the Exposition, and spread away to the north and to the south will be visible the entire panorama of the bird's-eye view. Extending south from the Casino will be a boat-landing 100 feet wide and 800 feet long. Anchored equidistant along the pier will be models of the three ships of Columbus, whose interior will furnish space for café purposes.

As has been said, the pavilions will be two stories high, and will be connected by bridges at each story. No divisions will be made of the interior, so that each pavilion will supply two large rooms devoted to café and booth purposes. The propriety of providing music for the Casino has been discussed, but no definite conclusion has been reached in this respect. It is thought, however, that the music will be necessary to the *ensemble*, and there is no doubt that a brass band will be stationed in one of the pavilions. At all events this feature of the Exposition will be most useful if for no reason other than the splendid view to be had from either of the galleries, or the delights of a luncheon or an ice to be eaten with the entire plan of the Fair spread out before one's eyes.

Mr. Edison, who has been in Chicago very recently, believes that one of the most remarkable divisions of his electrical display will be made in connection with the Casino. In his great brain, stowed away in an odd corner somewhere, is a plan for a magnificent spectacular show that will help to lend the night aspect of the Casino a beauty greater than that of the day. It is Mr. Edison's purpose to construct a plant on the bottom of the lake within the boundaries of the little harbor mentioned above. This plant will consist of variously colored electric lights, whose brilliance shining through the translucent water will give to the picture an effect more gorgeous than dreams. This, added to the picturesqueness of the boats, whose sails are to be colored, to the long row of electric lights on the pier, to the group of the statuary of St. Gaudens, and to the lights of the Casino in the distance, will, it is thought, surpass any spectacular exhibition ever produced by man.

THE "ITATA'S" ESCAPE.

On April 22d there arrived at the Oakland Wharf, in San Francisco, a shipment of 10,000 Remington rifles and 2,500,000 cartridges. These arms and ammunition came from the manufacturers at Ilion, New York, and were bought for the insurgents in the present Chilian revolution.

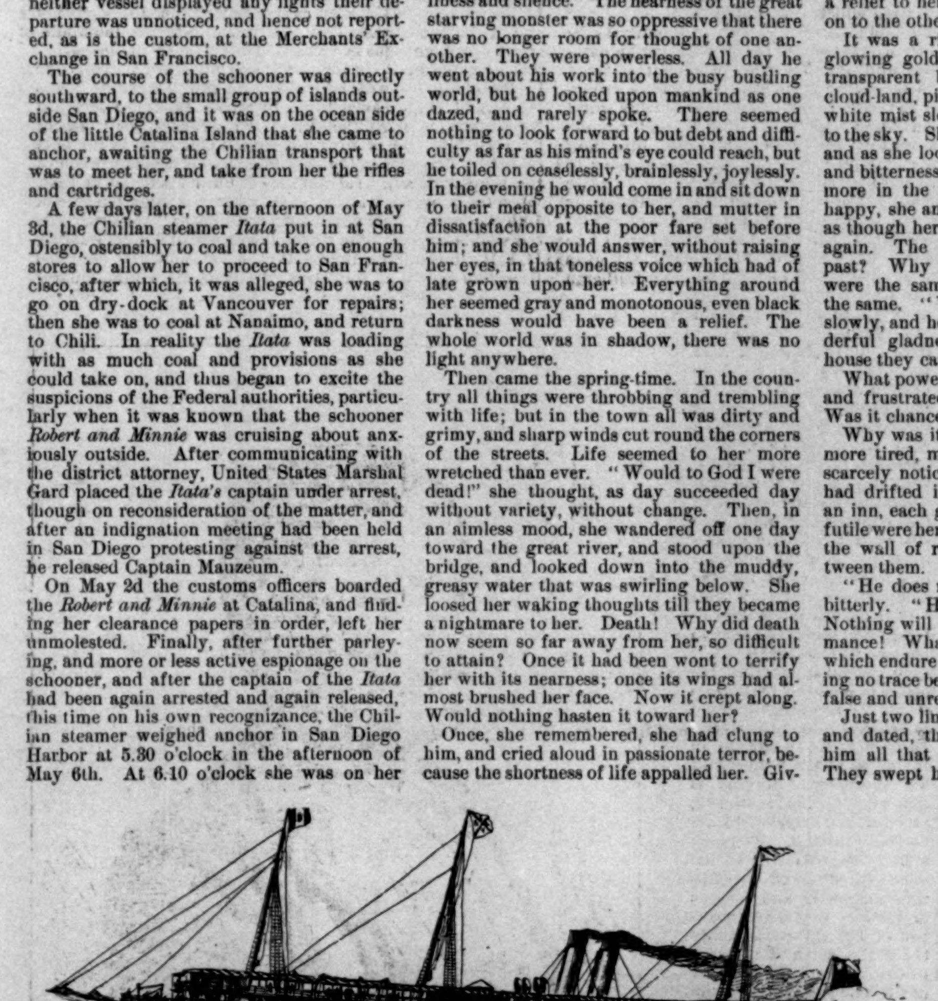
The schooner *Robert and Minnie*, of San Francisco, had been chartered to take on this cargo, which she loaded from the freight cars on the wharf, and Eureka, a small northern port on the California coast, was said to be her destination—at least her papers were made out in this way. On the same day that these munitions of war were received, a representative of the insurgents arranged with the house of Spreckels to have their tug, the *Vigilant*, tow the schooner out of the harbor, and accordingly, at three o'clock of the morning of April 23d, the *Robert and Minnie* passed out to sea in company with the *Vigilant*. It was quite dark at the time, and as neither vessel displayed any lights their departure was unnoticed, and hence not reported, as is the custom, at the Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco.

The course of the schooner was directly southward, to the small group of islands outside San Diego, and it was on the ocean side of the little Catalina Island that she came to anchor, awaiting the Chilian transport that was to meet her, and take from her the rifles and cartridges.

A few days later, on the afternoon of May 3d, the Chilian steamer *Itata* put in at San Diego, ostensibly to coal and take on enough stores to allow her to proceed to San Francisco, after which, it was alleged, she was to go on dry-dock at Vancouver for repairs; then she was to coal at Nanaimo, and return to Chili. In reality the *Itata* was loading with as much coal and provisions as she could take on, and thus began to excite the suspicions of the Federal authorities, particularly when it was known that the schooner *Robert and Minnie* was cruising about anxiously outside. After communicating with the district attorney, United States Marshal Gard placed the *Itata's* captain under arrest, though on reconsideration of the matter, and after an indignation meeting had been held in San Diego protesting against the arrest, he released Captain Mauzeum.

On May 2d the customs officers boarded the *Robert and Minnie* at Catalina, and finding her clearance papers in order, left her unmolested. Finally, after further parleying, and more or less active espionage on the schooner, and after the captain of the *Itata* had been again arrested and again released, this time on his own recognizance, the Chilian steamer weighed anchor in San Diego Harbor at 5.30 o'clock in the afternoon of May 6th. At 6.10 o'clock she was on her way out to sea with United States Deputy Marshal Spaulding on board. Spaulding had been placed in charge of the vessel by Marshal Gard, who, it seems, thought it unnecessary to avail himself of the hundred soldiers offered by General McCook, and, instead, put the *Itata* in charge of one deputy. The deputy marshal was put ashore at Ballast Point, about eight miles south of San Diego, and the *Itata*, without further loss of time, met the *Robert and Minnie*, transferred the arms from the schooner, and proceeded on her way to Chili. It is claimed that the Chilian iron-clad *Esmeralda* was waiting at Point St. Lucas to join the *Itata*, and go with her back to Iquique. Three days after the *Itata's* departure the United States armored cruiser *Charleston* was ordered to pursue and take the *Itata*. The chase is now going on, and within a day or two the result of it will be known, though the delay in starting the *Charleston*, together with the fact that she was at anchor fully ten hours at Port Loma after beginning the chase, gives rise to much conjecture as to the sincerity of our government in wanting the capture of the fugitive transport.

The *Itata* is one of a number of steamers constituting the fleet of the Compania Sud Americana de Vapores, a line of merchant vessels plying in the trade along the west coast of South America. She was built in England in 1873, and is of about 1800 tons gross register. At present she is very fully armed with Hotchkiss guns and other effective munitions, and is capable of making a speed of about ten to twelve knots.



THE "IMPERIAL" (SISTER SHIP OF THE "ITATA").

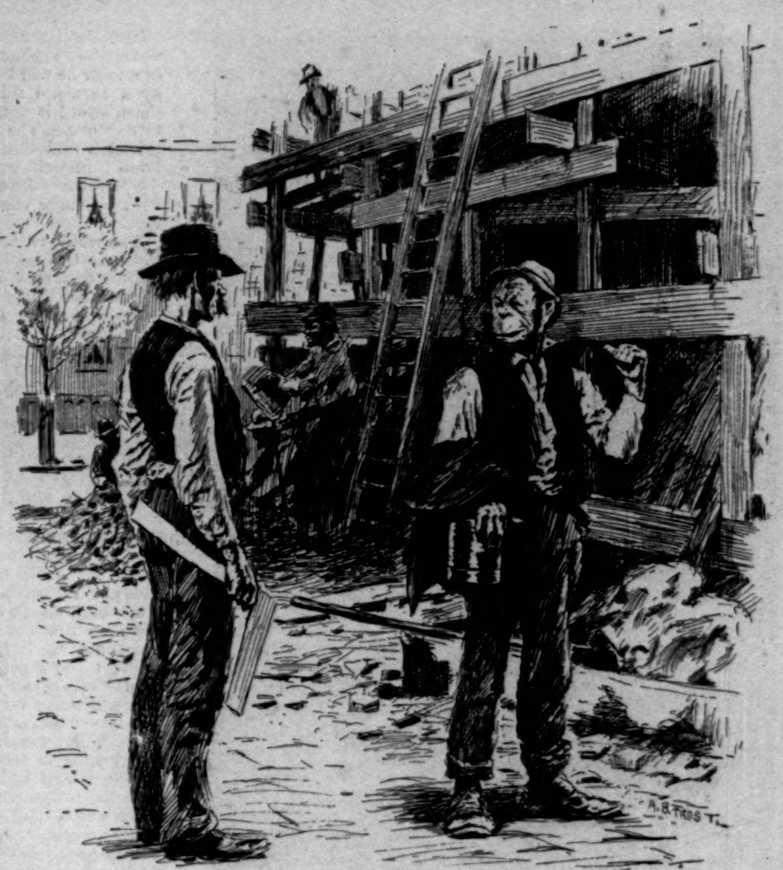
"SHADOWS."

BY HON. MRS. ANSTRUTHER.

The great wolf scratched at the door; it scratched and gnawed and worried persistently. For a while neither of them heard it; each listened only to the other, and outside sounds played but a distant accompaniment to the music within. But as they went on together through time, the spirit of every-day custom came and hovered over them—the spirit that blinds the eye, and hardens the touch, and deadens the ear. It crept over these two, this husband and this wife, and gradually exerted its full power over them, so that the subtle undertones of life could no longer penetrate their senses, coarsened, as they were, by this influence. By degrees they came to hear only the loud, harsh scratching of the great wolf of poverty. Then it was that through the pane of the window which he had broken, and she had never thought to mend, love, with scarce a backward look, flew out, and left these two alone and desolate, only poverty always near.

A cold creeping numbness seemed to have come over them, an exceeding great loneliness and silence. The nearness of the great starving monster was so oppressive that there was no longer room for thought of one another. They were powerless. All day he went about his work into the busy bustling world, but he looked upon mankind as one dazed, and rarely spoke. There seemed nothing to look forward to but debt and difficulty as far as his mind's eye could reach, but he toiled on ceaselessly, brainlessly, joylessly. In the evening he would come in and sit down to their meal opposite to her, and mutter in dissatisfaction at the poor fare set before him; and she would answer, without raising her eyes, in that toneless voice which had of late grown upon her. Everything around her seemed gray and monotonous, even black darkness would have been a relief. The whole world was in shadow, there was no light anywhere.

Then came the spring-time. In the country all things were throbbing and trembling with life; but in the town all was dirty and grimy, and sharp winds cut round the corners of the streets. Life seemed to her more wretched than ever. "Would to God I were dead!" she thought, as day succeeded day without variety, without change. Then, in an aimless mood, she wandered off one day toward the great river, and stood upon the bridge, and looked down into the muddy, greasy water that was swirling below. She loosed her waking thoughts till they became a nightmare to her. Death! Why did death now seem so far away from her, so difficult to attain? Once it had been wont to terrify her with its nearness; once its wings had almost brushed her face. Now it crept along. Would nothing hasten it toward her?



RATHER SENSITIVE.

Boss. "What's the matter, Pat? You're not leavin'?"
Pat. "Oi am that."
Boss. "Why, ain't the work and the wages all right?"
Pat. "The wur-ruk is all roight, an' the wages is all roight, an' yer not so bad yersilf, but oi'll not wur-ruk on the same job wid a thing that looks as much loike a munkey as *that!*"

Once, she remembered, she had clung to him, and cried aloud in passionate terror, because the shortness of life appalled her. Giving up all! Parting with him! It seemed so close. Ay, even if they should both live to their threescore years and ten. All things were so beautiful then, so full of mysterious possibilities, of ever-changing light and color; now—now—the filthy river beneath her was typical of all. An inarticulate cry of misery rose up within her, and died in her throat. She leant far over the parapet of the bridge in silent wretchedness. Two men passed close behind her. "What a glorious sunset!" said one to his companion, and then they went their way. Even movement was a relief to her; she turned and looked over on to the other side.

It was a river sunset, the sky a sea of glowing gold, melting gradually into clear transparent blue, flecked with islands of cloud-land, pink like delicate shells; below, a white mist slowly rising up from the water to the sky. She stood and looked and looked, and as she looked she felt some of the pain and bitterness melt away, and she lived once more in the past, where they had been so happy, she and he. Then all at once it was as though her stunned soul came back to life again. The past! Why should it be the past? Why not the present? Externals were the same; she was the same; he was the same. "We will live it again," she said, slowly, and her heart was filled with a wonderful gladness. She walked back to the house they called their home.

What power was it that fought against her and frustrated her resolve? Was it fate? Was it chance? Who knows?

Why was it that he came in that evening more tired, more miserable than ever? He scarcely noticed her at all, for of late they had drifted into living like two lodgers at an inn, each going his own way. Vain and futile were her poor attempts to break through the wall of reserve that had grown up between them.

"He does not care for me," she thought, bitterly. "His love for me is past and gone. Nothing will bring it back. Chivalry! Romance! What are they but idle dreams, which endure for a moment, and vanish, leaving no trace behind? They are but a glamour, false and unreal throughout."

Just two lines of a poem, two lines marked and dated, that was all; but they did for him all that the sunset had done for her. They swept him back into the past, and he saw the ideal life as she and he had dreamt of it; and then he saw the real as he and she had made it. He shuddered at the contrast, and vowed solemnly that this should be so no longer, and when he went back that evening he spoke to her as he used to speak long ago. But the wolf had been growling very fiercely that day, and she was disheartened and weak, and would not listen or understand. He shrugged his shoulders and said to himself, as he turned away: "Women are all like that. Their love is for an hour. What poetry is there to be found in life today?"

Then, by force of habit, the spirit of custom descended upon them again. Their fate defeated them by half a day!

The editor of a well-known weekly newspaper sat at his table, opening a heap of MSS. "The Death of Romance" was the heading of the first he took up. It was a paper written in a woman's hand. It was wretchedly constructed, poor both in style and substance; but there rang through it such a cry of misery that he glanced twice at the name and address on it before casting it into the basket of rejected contributions. It talked of the death of love in these prosaic days, of the lack of idealism, of a longing to make things beautiful once again which erst had been a joy, and of failure because romance and chivalry and all that served to make life lovely were dead and gone.

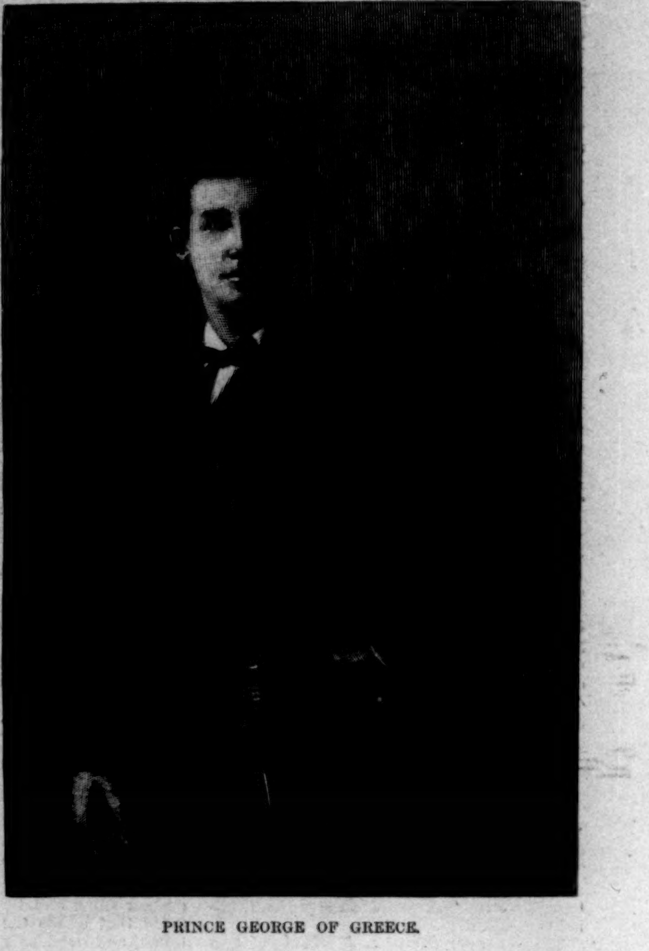
As he went through this bundle he came across another. "Woman's Poetry" it was called. Its style was as impossible as the other's; but this, too, was pitiful and sad. "What a number of unhappy people there seem to be!" thought the young editor, aloud, as he hurriedly turned over the pages of the MS. "The real—" "The ideal—" Again: "All that was spoken, all that was said;" "woman as she appears to be;" "woman as she is;" "poetry made human;" "prose in herself, her ways, her life." "By Jove! I wonder if these two are husband and wife?" he speculated, as he noticed that though the address of one was in the city, and of the other in the suburbs, yet the surname given in each case was the same, and an uncommon one. "Queer world, this!"

Then the editor went on to other work, and left his clerk to return the papers to their respective authors. But the clerk was sleepy that night, and his hands more alert than his head; and so it came to pass that the paper on "Woman's Poetry" was directed to the wife at her house, and "The Death of Romance" went to the husband at his office. He read in silence the paper she had written, shading his eyes with his hand, and then he looked long and steadily at the blank wall before him, drew a long breath, and went home to her. He found her standing by the window, in the fading evening light, a roll of closely written paper in her hand. It was only his rejected contribution; it would never even be food for the great hungry wolf at the door. He came silently and laid his hand upon her shoulder, and turning, she looked up at him. Then they understood.

ROYALTY IN A HEROIC RÔLE.

Once upon a time—and this is not a fairy story, although some intensely modern minds may regard it as such—kings used to lead their armies in person, and get in a few blows on their own account. That, however, was before gunpowder was discovered, and almost immediately upon its arrival, and after the unfortunate James II. of Scotland had been killed at the siege of Roxburgh by the bursting of a gun behind which he stood, kings have stood as far behind the guns as possible. There have been numerous exceptions, of course, but kings dislike exceedingly to violate royal precedence, and the latter

THE CZAROWITZ OF RUSSIA,
WHO ESCAPED ASSASSINATION THROUGH THE HELP OF PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

has been so long established that kings to-day are generally careful of their royal selves, and are to be found in the "rear-guard." But even in these latter evil days an instance of a really brave king is found in the person of the manly ruler of Italy, Humbert. Like Napoleon, he has cheered the fever sufferers by his own presence, and if the "king's touch" theory were not exploded, we might be willing to sustain a couple of kings in free America to visit our hospitals. Humbert went about the city of Naples, and gave the fever-stricken inhabitants the benefit of his smile, which was undoubtedly brave, as the fever fiend has no more respect for kings than has gunpowder

After the late explosions in Rome, his Majesty, as is told in another part of the WEEKLY, gave another exhibition of courage, and inspired his subjects to valiant deeds. Pushing into the ruins, he led the work of rescue, gave his strength toward the pulling down of dangerous walls, and undeterred, blackened by smoke, bruised and bloody, like any brave man of ordinary birth, acted in all respects like a once-upon-a-time king. Not many modern rulers would so readily leap the divinity hedge, and really work; but Prince George of Greece seems to be a fighter at the front, and another exception, as princes go. The peril of the young man who bears the title of the Czarowitz has been treated upon by the newspapers, and everybody is generally pleased that he escaped mortal injury. He could not help being born into the royal family of Russia, and even if his father is an autocrat, the young gentleman himself has not had a chance to show what sort of a ruler he will be. A sudden attack by a Japanese soldier armed with a sharp sword is apt to be disconcerting to any one. The first report of this skirmish said that the Czarowitz defended himself gallantly. The next day, however, the advices showed that Prince George was the hero of the attack.

The would-be assassin had a sword, sharp at that, and the weapon of the Prince was only a stick. With this stick Prince George belabored the Japanese, and brought him to the ground, or, in the words of the report, "felled him." All this occurred at Otsu, Japan, and as Otsu is out of the way of general travel, the particulars of the assault and defense are lacking; but sufficient data have been received to warrant the Russian papers to join in declaring that Russia will never forget the bravery of Prince George. This is very interesting reading, and although we may be loudly democratic in our sentiments, there is, nevertheless, a latent admiration for royalty within our hearts, instilled by stories of once-upon-a-time kings, and it is quite refreshing to have a chance to arouse that afore-mentioned latent admiration. It is not often nowadays that we have an opportunity to enthuse over royal courage. The occasion of this heroic exhibition, the Czarowitz, is doing very well, and an early recovery is looked for. What was done with the Japanese fanatic is not stated, but justice in that country is simple and swift, and, added to that, it is stated that the utmost regret is expressed in government and diplomatic circles. This "regret" will probably be felt by the blood-thirsty Japanese. It is likely to be "something with boiling oil in it."

The Czarowitz escaped that premature death which seems so mysteriously to overtake the eldest sons of sovereigns. The first-born of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria; of King Leopold of Belgium; of the late King William of Holland; of Napoleon III., of Napoleon I., of King Louis Philippe, of France; and of Czar Alexander II. have each of them passed away before their time.

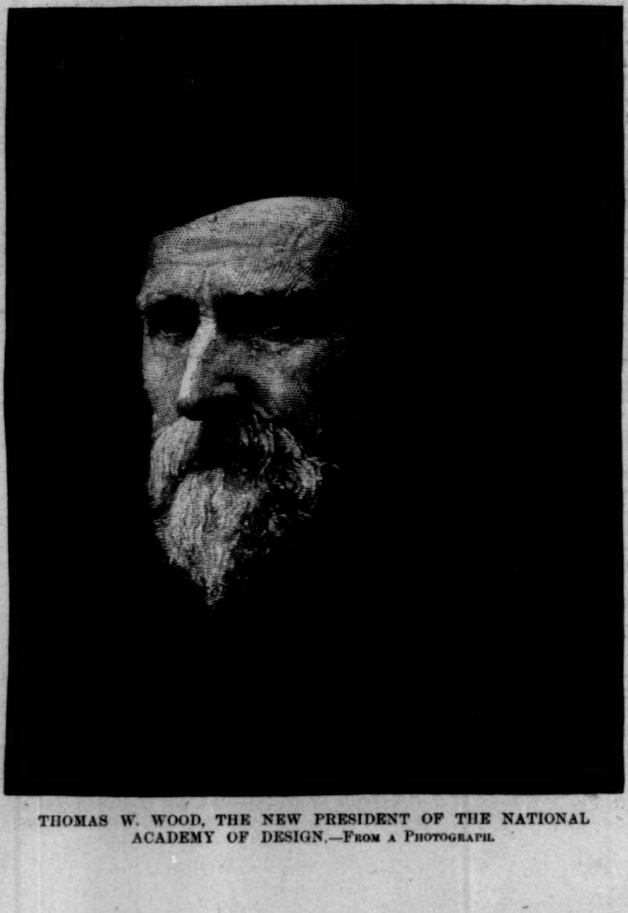
Had the Japanese assailant of the Czarowitz been permitted to accomplish his purpose, the most terrible confusion would have arisen at St. Petersburg in connection with matters relating to the succession to the throne, for the Emperor's second son is dying of consumption—the result, it is said, of a blow in the chest received in jest from the Czarowitz. Alexander III., it may be mentioned here, is stated to owe both his charming wife and his throne to a similar blow inflicted in play upon his elder brother Nicolas, who died at Nice of consumption in 1865. The third and only remaining son of the Emperor is the little Grand Duke Michel, a boy of twelve years of age, who, in the event of a demise of the crown, would require the guidance and guardianship of a regency until the expiration of his minority.

To whom would the regency belong? By right of primogeniture it should be vested in the hands of the Czar's eldest brother, the Grand Duke Waldimir. But the latter is debarred by the statutes of the imperial house of Romanoff from holding any such office, as well as from succession to the throne in case of the death of his nephews. The cause for this disqualification is the Lutheran faith professed by his German wife—a woman of great beauty, strength of character, and obstinacy. All efforts to induce her to join the Orthodox Church have proved fruitless, and not even the knowledge that her refusal to abandon the Lutheran rite would cut off both her husband and herself from the line of succession has been able to make her give way in the matter. The next in order of seniority of the Emperor's brothers is the Grand Duke Alexis—a man of magnificent presence, but of weak character, who enjoys neither the consideration nor the respect of his countrymen, and who has been repeatedly disciplined by both the late and the reigning Czar for the discreditable intrigues with which he has from time to time permitted his name to become connected.

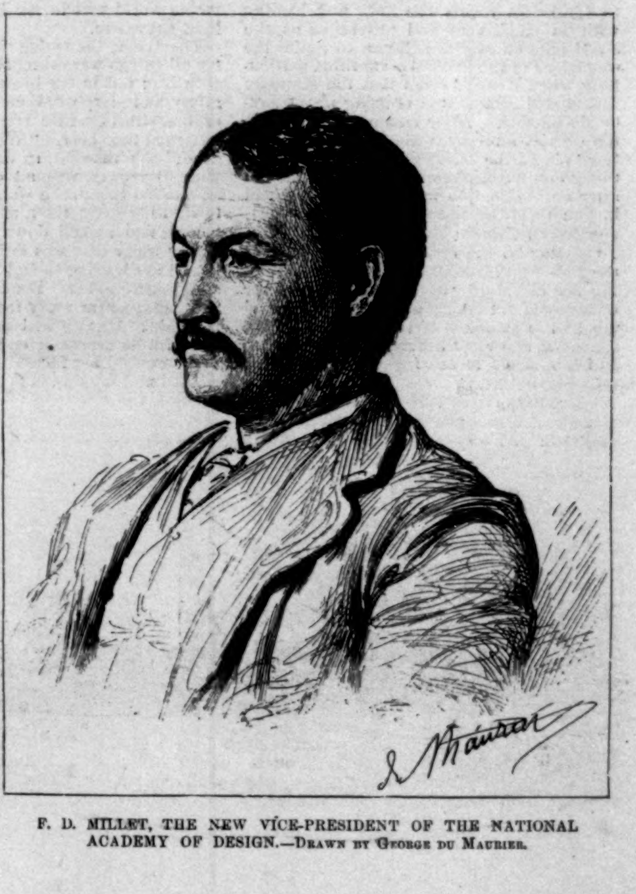
In official circles in Russia, it is believed that Alexander III. has already designated his brother, the Grand Duke Sergius, as Regent, in the event of the minority of his successor. Sergius is renowned for his fanaticism, and for his aversion to everything foreign. He is the acknowledged leader of the ultra-orthodox and old Russian element, and enjoys more than any other member of the imperial family the confidence and affection of the Autocrat. The latter has recently conferred upon him the most important office of the Empire, namely, that of Governor-General of Moscow, where he is now acquiring an unenviable notoriety by the shocking brutality with which his expulsion of the Jewish population of the locality is being carried into effect.

It is unlikely, however, that Sergius would be permitted to assume the regency without serious opposition on the part of his two elder brothers, Waldimir and Alexis, around whom would rally the more liberal and progressive members of the government and of the population. Indeed, if the necessity for a regency were to occur (and in view of the constant danger of assassination to which the Czar and the Czarowitz are exposed, it may happen at any time), the world would probably be called upon to witness, if not a civil and fratricidal war, at any rate a repetition of the terrorism and bloodshed which marked in 1825 the accession to the throne of Emperor Nicolas in lieu of his elder brother, the Czarowitz Constantine.

The mention of the latter serves to recall to mind not only one of the most mysterious and dramatic incidents of Russian history, but also the fact that the title of "Czarowitz," first invented by Peter the Great, has not always been borne by the eldest son and heir of the reigning emperor. Thus the Grand Duke Constantine, to whom reference has just been made, received the title of "Czarowitz," or "Son of the Czar," in 1799, as a reward for his gallantry on the field of battle, although at the time he was only a younger son of the Emperor Paul. He retained it until his death in 1831, when the Emperor Nicolas issued a ukase bearing the date of 10th September, and which runs as follows: "We order that our well-beloved son, the heir to the throne of All the Russias, H. I. H., the Grand Duke Alexander Nicolaiewitch, be styled from this day on all occasions Czarowitz and Grand Duke."



THOMAS W. WOOD, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



F. D. MILLET, THE NEW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE ICY FLEETS.

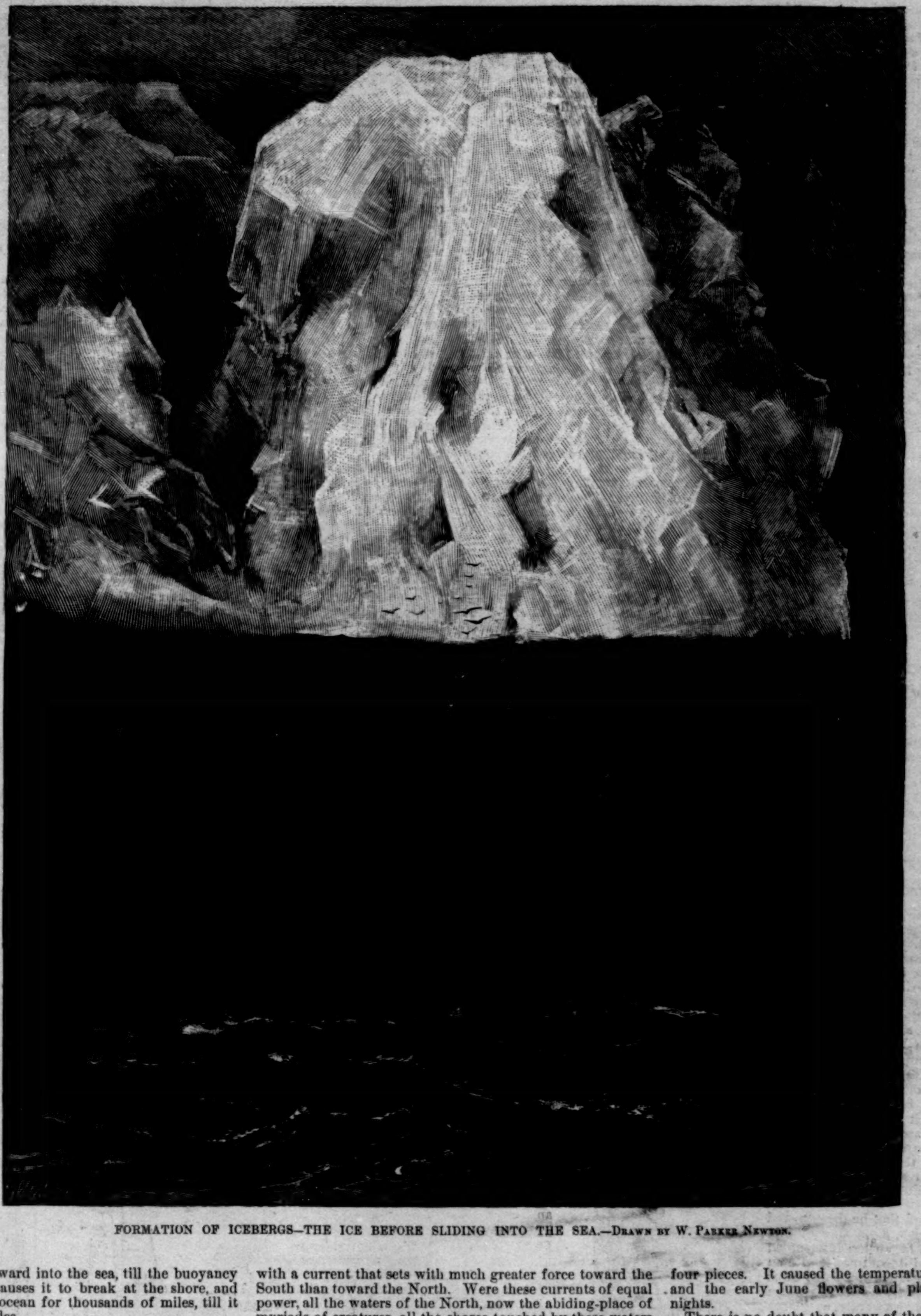
BY EDMUND COLLINS.

The builders of that terrible fleet that sails every spring out of northern seas and spreads through southern waters have their work-shops in the interior of Greenland, eight and ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Several opinions have been held as to the cause of icebergs, but the observations of intelligent Northern explorers and others who have visited Greenland, as well as the statements of the Esquimau and Danish residents along the western coast, leave no doubt that the hundreds of thousands of icebergs that every spring and summer terrify our ocean steamers are simply detachments from the glaciers that perpetually cover the face of Northern lands.

As far as can be learned, the interior of Greenland has a surface of tall hills and deep gulches, with an elevated range rather on the eastern side, running from north to south. Hence, if the climate in the interior of Greenland were mild, this extended range would serve as a water-shed, diverting streams to the sea on both coasts. But the temperature some distance inland is nearly always below the freezing-point, so that the almost constant snowfall and the brief midsummer rains remain on the surface, accumulating year after year, till there are formed thousands of square miles of blue compact ice, some of it over 1500 feet thick.

We now see the purpose of the great north and south ridge. This enormous body of ice, like water, is subject to the laws of gravitation, and is eternally on the march to the sea. But its rate of travel is so slow as to be in most places imperceptible to the eye. So deep is this mass of inland ice that after a couple of days' march from the sea there are no longer any hills visible, the entire landscape being white and naked. The ice from the higher ground is being constantly forced into the valleys, and most of these valleys terminate toward the sea in very deep fjords. These fjords are in reality the launchways for most of the ice-floes and a great many of the bergs. These sluiceways were not so deep at the first, but the constant grinding of the stupendous ice mass down their channels have gouged out the hard rock to a depth of several hundred feet. Yet for all this stupendous pressure seaward, the distance travelled per day by a great many of the glaciers will not exceed from three to six feet, though some of them travel as much as eighty feet and over. You might lie for hours in your boat by most of the glaciers where they enter the sea, and not be aware that they were moving; but each one pushes constantly, and at a regular rate of speed, outward and outward into the sea, till the buoyancy of the water under it causes it to break at the shore, and sets it free to rove the ocean for thousands of miles, till it melts in southern latitudes.



FORMATION OF ICEBERGS—THE ICE BEFORE SLIDING INTO THE SEA.—Drawn by W. Parker Newton.

But these great sluiceways are situated leagues apart along both coasts, and through them only a part of the glacial ice travels to the coast. The glacier sometimes moves seaward over a vast plain, which terminates in a cliff rising more than one thousand feet out of deep water. It is here that the grandest and most awful part of the pageant in this stupendous procession is witnessed. Piled on the top of the cliff, so high that it seems to reach the clouds, the wonder-struck stranger sees the dull blue mass; but it looks as fixed as the hill upon which it rests. Should he linger about these waters for some days, he will notice that the great ice wall soon overtops the iron-stained cliff, forcing its way outward, frequently hundreds of feet, till it seems to hang unsupported in mid-air. He will then move away from the bodeful shore, and the Esquimau from a safe distance will point shuddering at the ice mountain in the air. The very sea is darkened under this menace; the seal and walrus swim away; the polar-bear leaves his cave in the rocks; and the diver, guillemot, and the auks take wing and fly to a safer neighborhood. A day or two more may pass, and nothing except the waves breaks the silence of the darkened shore. Then the native, lying perhaps many feet under the ground, and many miles away from the overspreading glacier, starts in his sleep at the quick quiver in the solid land and the thunderous booming in the air. The ice mountain has fallen out of the clouds, or, as the natives express it, "the glacier has calved," and one more menace to ships has been set afloat. Woe to the ship or the kayak that has been near that part of the sea which received this gigantic visitor from the clouds. Later, the natives, looking up from their skin boats, see that the ice mountain has broken off some distance back from the top of the cliff, and is drifting with the strong southern tide of Baffin's Bay.

The North seems anxious to get rid of her over-production of ice, and nature comes to her aid by supplying her with a current that sets with much greater force toward the South than toward the North. Were these currents of equal power, all the waters of the North, now the abiding-place of myriads of creatures, all the shores touched by these waters and inhabited by human beings, would soon be choked with ice, and the purpose of nature in that region would be frustrated. All day, when the weather is calm, the explorer along these glacial fringes is startled regularly by hearing great thunders, some so remote that they come to his ears like a moan, others so awful that he imagines the very earth is foundering.

Toward latitude 80° the entire coast is buried under the glacier, and as many as nearly 300 bergs in this neighborhood have been counted at one time. Some of these bergs measured more than four square miles at the base, and were aground in nearly 2000 feet of water. About eight-ninths of any iceberg is under water, and those blue, glistening mountains that terrify the ocean traveller represent only one-ninth of the ice island. Hundreds of these "ground" where they fall from the glacier, and only float away after they have split into several parts. The iceberg is a very giddy sailor, frequently losing its feet, and turning tumultuous summersaults in the sea. For this reason I always shudder when I see daring and ignorant persons go too near one of these floating islands. By far the greater number of the bergs are launched on the western coast, for the greater slope is in that direction, but the stormier seas of the eastern coast are also white with them. From the numbers seen at different points from both coasts, from the number and size of the glaciers and their rate of movement, it would not be an over-estimate to say, though the figures are terrifying, that not fewer than from five to six hundred thousand icebergs are launched every year in Greenland to be sent on their southerly march toward spring. Their departure this year was earlier than usual, a vast number of them having evidently started about the 1st of February, for ships lately reaching port say that they have met in the regular travel track between New York and Great Britain several bergs and extensive floes. But in spite of the early southern movement of the bergs this year, there is no ground for fearing that a greater number of these ocean monsters will infest the pathway of shipping than other years, because the movement of each glacier is pretty uniform, and discharges about as much ice into the sea one year as another. Just now all the lower waters of Baffin's Bay, the whole of Davis's Strait, the entire coast of Greenland, from beyond Upernavik to Cape Farewell, are studded with the white monsters on their southern march. The tide, of course, runs six hours north and six hours south, but the bergs do not swing back and forth regularly with the tides; they move but a short distance back during the six hours of the northerly current, but they make great speed during the southern set. The Strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador, at some points only from seven to nine miles wide, is now fairly thronged, and it is the portion of the fleet that moves through that passage, which is most dangerous to ships. I have often seen icebergs splitting in the strait as they do on the Greenland coast, and the rending apart fills the air with an awful sound. They like to hug close the Newfoundland coast, and hundreds of them go aground six leagues from land in the open sea. If they strike bottom during neap tides, they are floated away again with the spring tides on their southern journey. Some years ago one strayed into the very mouth of the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, the water being very deep there, and blockaded the port for more than a week, when it foundered, with noises as great as the booming of cannon, and floated away in three or four pieces. It caused the temperature in the city to fall, and the early June flowers and plants withered in the nights.

There is no doubt that many of the bergs get larger after they are set afloat on the Greenland coasts. Sometimes two, three, or more of them will become locked together in the open sea, and with the thermometer ranging from 20° to 60° below zero, the mass becomes solidly welded together. The spray, moreover, is constantly dashing over them in the storm, and freezing upon them. In this way alone in a few weeks the visible portion of the berg will be considerably enlarged. There is no other way of accounting for the huge islands three, four, and even five miles in area that are found floating so often far out in Baffin's Bay. Had they fallen over the cliff from the glacier in that bulk, I doubt if there is anywhere close against the cliff water enough to float them off. Frequently, too, a wandering berg crushes into some large detachment of a floe, and the two become frozen together, and drift off down the bay. The ocean voyager is sometimes surprised at seeing large black spots on some monster bergs, and examination has shown these spots to be huge bowlders or obstructing portions of land met and carried away by the glacier in its march to the sea. Numbers of sea-fowl, notably the guillemot and razor-bill auks, like to rest on the icebergs now and again, and get a free ride part of the way to the bird rocks and other nesting-places. Whenever the birds find a piece of land adhering to the berg they completely cover it.

As all who have seen these white cold wanderers know, icebergs seem to be of two kinds, the irregular ones sending up pinnacles sometimes several hundred feet high, and those which present smooth, cliff-like sides and regular tops. I have no doubt whatever that the difference is only a seeming one, and that a berg with a flat top and pretty even sides may have its pinnacles under water. Once while looking in wonder at a berg off the Labrador coast, and thinking how much it resembled a great mass of Middle Age Italian architecture, it suddenly rocked and tumbled, its towers and spires disappearing, and a perfectly flat top appearing in their stead.

I may say that ignorance of the origin of icebergs is wide-spread, even the sea-captains only knowing that they come somewhere from the North. But Dr. Nansen's observations, made during a recent trip across the inland ice of Greenland, set all doubts at rest. But it has long been known that each one of the numerous great fjords along the western coast of Greenland sends out into the sea eight or ten million cubic feet of ice every year. Then think of the number of bergs that these three glaciers alone can turn loose upon the sea in a year. The great glacier in the ice fjord of Jakobshavn travels sometimes at the rate of sixty-four feet a day, the glacier in Torsukatak Fjord moves over thirty feet a day, while the great Upernavik glacier discharges itself at the rate of about a hundred feet in twenty-four hours.

Icebergs travel against the wind, if the tide be with them, in consequence of the greater part of their bulk being under water.

LOVE'S SHADOW.

My lady sighs. Her thought is stirred
By something that she deeply feels,
But cannot tell. The mating bird
In witchery of song reveals
A sympathy. She, too, could sing,
Did she but fully comprehend
The meaning of those notes that ring,
And with the joy of living blend.

My lady loves. Across her path,
Unknown to her, a shadow lies.
All life its perfect fulness hath
In bird and bud and cloudless skies.
Yet, echoing the songster's bliss,
She sighs before the song is done.
She does not know love's shadow is
Far brighter than the noonday sun.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE FIRST-BORN.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

PRESTON found his wife in a low armless rocking-chair before the grate fire of her bedroom. Their baby boy, whose first weak rail against the miseries of existence had been heard but two months before, lay flat upon his back in her lap. He was swathed in a long woollen night-gown, which bulged restlessly under the impatience of his legs.

The mother was pinching his cheeks and smothering him with kisses. This caused him to give vent to bubbling gasps of delight and to wave his clinched fists convulsively. When she saw her husband she lifted the baby, supporting his body with one hand, and his uncertain back with the other. His big head, fallen forward, rolled from side to side, while his bright eyes stared at his father fixedly, and without the smallest gleam of intelligence. Preston smiled constrainedly, and put one forefinger under the rather damp chin.

As the child showed that he disapproved of the change of position, his mother put him in her lap again, and began the interrupted play. Preston looked down upon it with an irritated expression. When the nurse came in with a small tub partly filled with warm water, he looked about awkwardly, as though he were out of place. Then he sat down in a deep leather chair by the window. As he watched the two women and the baby, a feeling of isolation and sadness grew upon him.

When the nurse had put the bath on the rug near the fire, she pushed to the mother's side a small table spread with the articles of a baby's toilet. While the child was bathing, the mother kept up a steady flow of talk, at times addressed to the father, always intended for the son.

She took off the long woollen gown. Then she lifted the child, and laid him gently in the bath. At first touch of the water he clutched wildly, and twisted his face into a crimson tangle. But the warmth and the safety guaranteed by the voice and fingers of the mother reassured him. He was soon splashing and kicking as widely as the narrowness of his bath allowed.

His face reddened and puckered as he was lifted to the blanket on his mother's lap, but the softness of the fleecy towel consoled him. At last she was done, and he lay straight and glowing. His eyes closed languidly. The talk of the mother ceased. There was silence in the room, except her monotonous and soothing "Sh-h-h! sh-h-h!" as she rocked to and fro.

The husband's eyes turned away impatiently as he saw the look in her face. She was admiring, with a look of perfect love, the beauty of the smooth round form in her lap. The skin of the child was soft and delicate. Waves of color, first pure white, then rosy pink, passed across it from head to feet.

They put a few clothes upon him so quietly that he only smiled, and did not awaken. The nurse left the room, and there was no movement or sound but the occasional slow rock, with the faint "Sh-h-h!" which accompanied it. The mother looked steadfastly at her child. The husband watched her sadly.

They had married two years before. As both were strong-willed and positive, there had been much clashing in the first twelvemonth of their life together. Each was finding out the real character of the other, so different in many ways from the character each had admired before marriage. But in this undeceiving there had been no serious disillusion, and their love had grown stronger. Through this love happiness had gradually come.

Just as they were entering upon this unexpected happiness, which comes in married life if any at all, just then the baby was born. Preston had looked forward to the event with uneasiness and dissatisfaction. It had seemed to him that a third person would be an interloper. And his feeling was shared by his wife.

But with the birth of the child came the birth of the maternal instinct. Preston found himself alone in his dissatisfaction. He realized this when he saw his wife afterward. At first he was awed by the change in her face, by the mysterious being whose head nestled to her shoulder, by the wonder of birth and maternity. Then, as the meaning of it for him came to his mind, the instant thought was that she was more lost to him than if she were dead.

A few days before, her eyes had in them the sparkle and the frequent flash of passionate love for him. Now those same eyes were turned to him with tenderness, but with a changed tenderness that pained him keenly.

She was still young. She was still beautiful. But in those few days the quality of the youth and the beauty had been transformed. Her face now shone with the calmness and serenity of a mother. And the sad conviction came to the husband that the change was final.

On this morning, two months afterward, as she sat in the low chair, in health and strength again, he studied the change more carefully. He had been trying to deceive himself during these two months. He felt that he could deceive himself no longer.

He cared for her as before; more perhaps since he grasped so clearly the change in her. But she, sitting there with her child, cared for him in a new way. The child was first, the central figure, in her life henceforth. She loved the father through the child.

In the days of their courtship he had fancied that the passing of years would not touch them. When her hair would be gray and his hair would be scant they would cling together still, excluding everything and every one else. Now all this was thwarted, brought to naught in the very dawn of their real happiness. The girl wife was gone, with no hope of return.

This small form had pushed in between. These clinched hands, so unskilful, so helpless, had yet battered them apart. They must come, each to the other, anew, and through the child.

He seemed to himself to be passed away. He felt as though he were in another world, looking across a wide gulf to the far place where the child lay in the mother's lap. And he thought, with utter lack of hope, that he was straining his arms and his heart in vain.

The instinct love which showed in her eyes as she looked at the scarcely featured face filled him with bitterness. "And as time passes," he thought, "this will not grow less, but greater. She may conceal it when she finds that it stabs me. But her real heart will be barred against me. She will care for me, but she will plan and scheme and try to control me for his sake—for their sake, if there are more."

Then he thought of his own father and mother. How intensely his mother had loved him! How often she had shielded him from his father! And he wondered how his father had felt at first. "He certainly cared for me, and he and my mother lived happily, contentedly, loving their children before themselves."

And he saw that he too would no doubt grow to care for this little one in some such way as his wife now cared. "And I shall be content," he said to himself, "as my father was content, and I shall forget the happiness that might have been in the pleasure and pride that are. But I shall be loser. For I have lost her exclusive love. I shall have only the second place in her heart, and in the heart of her child. For he will love her first. He will be first hers; mine through her only."

While the husband was searching in vain for consolation, the wife also was thinking of the change in their relations. She realized as fully as he that there had been a change, a transfer of love. And in a certain way she felt sorry for him. But she had no regret for the happiness they both thought they should regret as they talk it over beforehand.

Indeed she was wondering how she could have been so blind then. For this new love was so sweet to her, so self-absorbing and self-denying! How strange, how wonderful, how satisfying was the new love—the love for this small being which was hers through the miracle of birth, through suffering to be remembered only with gladness!

She realized the isolation of her husband, yet she could not long think of it. She was so absorbed with her son. "*My* son!" she thought, and she bent to kiss him softly, while the joy of maternal possession went through her like a strong, joyful wine. Her thoughts leaped along the years, picturing him as he would be when he could walk and talk, when he should be a school-boy, a youth, a great man, of whom she was so proud, who loved her so.

The look that came into her face with these thoughts cut her husband to the quick. He arose and stood looking bitterly out of the window.

"She is no longer a wife. She is a mother!" he said.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "MONTEREY."

DURING the visit of the Presidential party to San Francisco, which extended over several days, April 28th was probably one of the most interesting. It was a day full of incident, beginning with a reception of the city clergy by the President, after which the party embarked upon the steamer *City of Pueblo*, and steamed about the bay, passing seaward through the Golden Gate. Without any particular reference to Italy, which had not then subsided, or without any thought of the *Itata* incident, which had not then taken place, President Harrison seemed deeply interested in the defences of the bay, or rather the lack of defences. According to a local paper, he showed "a surprising measure of knowledge" in the matter. This was a fitting introduction to the ceremonies of the afternoon, which consisted of the launching of the new coast-defence vessel *Monterey*.

It is to the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, that the credit is due, for with him the design of the *Monterey* originated. She is a twin-screw vessel of the armored type, bearing the heaviest armor and armament for her displacement of any vessel afloat. Her length on the water line is 256 feet; extreme length, 262 feet 4 inches; extreme breadth, 59 feet. Her speed is estimated at 16 knots. Of entire steel construction, the *Monterey* possesses also a double bottom, with outer plates of one-half inch in thickness, while the plates of the inner hull are five sixteenth of an inch. Two and one-half feet is the distance between the hulls. One hundred and ten water-tight compartments are hers, which may be filled to reduce the vessel to fighting trim, which will leave only about one foot of side visible above the water. Her displacement will then be 4486 tons, while in sea-going condition the displacement is but 4003 tons. When equipped, the *Monterey* will carry two 12-inch and two 10-inch breech-loading rifles, and six 6-pound rapid-firing guns. A new 15-inch pneumatic dynamite gun will be a valuable addition to her armament, as the gun will throw 1000-pound projectiles containing half their weight in dynamite. At present, however, the *Monterey* is but a bare hull, and it will be some time before she will be in a condition to improve the defences of San Francisco, which impressed the President as decidedly deficient.

The hull rested upon the ways at the shipyard of the Union Iron-works when Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, with their party and distinguished escort, arrived. The Union Iron-works, which have the construction of the vessel in charge, had about 5000 guests present, and the uninvited numbered three times as many, so there was a large and enthusiastic audience. Leaving out the marine display, the decorations, noise, and general enthusiasm, the ceremony of the launching was simplicity itself. The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie delivered an invocation. Mrs. Harrison pressed an electric button, and the *Monterey* (that is to be) did the rest. The hull slid slowly into the water, while Miss Kate Gunn, daughter of the secretary of the Union Iron-works, smashed a bottle of good wine on the iron bow. The after-math was noise and confusion—principally noise.

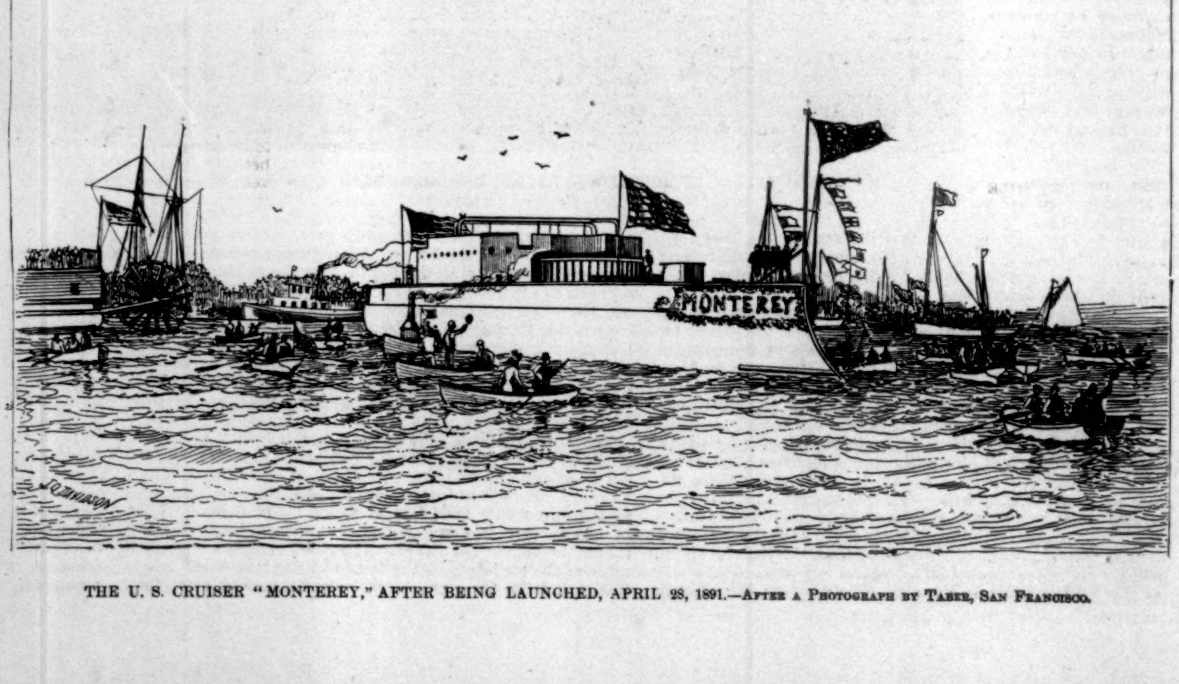
AN IDLER.

SHE cannot wind the distaff,
She can nor bake nor brew;
Her hands are indeed too dainty
Such labors to pursue.

She cares not to follow the harvest,
She neither can sow nor glean,
But waits for the weary reapers
With cheerful calm serene.

Commanding all to serve her,
From service she is free;
But, ah, my babe, so helpless,
Is health and wealth to me!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.



THE U. S. CRUISER "MONTEREY," AFTER BEING LAUNCHED, APRIL 28, 1891.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.

AMATEVR·SPORT

THE IMPORTANCE OF COLLEGE matters this week makes unusual demands on our space, and compels a postponement of the yachting question until next week.

THE SCORE OF THE YALE-HARVARD games last Saturday at Cambridge gives no idea how intensely interesting the contests were. Eighty-five to twenty-seven certainly lends the impression that one of the teams was not "in it," yet every event, with one or two exceptions, was close. Sherrill's defeat and subsequent breakdown took the wind completely out of Yale's sails so far as making any bid for first place, though even had he captured both the 100 and 220 flat races, it would only have increased Yale's score eight points, and taken seven from Harvard. Every Yale athlete except Scoville and Jones ran up to his top form, and reached the figures I gave last week, but those figures weren't high enough to win. Ten days ago, on public form, there was very little choice in the athletic strength of the two colleges; since last Saturday, however, it is different. Harvard has developed most astonishing strength in track athletics. In numbers and quality there has never been such a team put forth by an American university. There are not a few cracks only, but almost every event has a half-dozen men who finish in a bunch; particularly is this true of the middle distances. The very heavy track, owing to the incessant downpour of rain, was instrumental, likewise, in showing how strong and well trained the men were. Harvard owes her success on the track in a very large measure to James G. Lathrop.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE FACT that Harvard is absolutely certain of winning first in the Intercollegiate Championships on the 30th, and by a larger score than that of any previous year, the event will be the most interesting of any in years. There has never been a time in the history of collegiate athletics when there were so many good men entered; and while in many instances the winners may be picked on public form, the race will be close and not settled until the tape is breasted. Last year Harvard captured 32 points; Yale, 29½; Princeton, 24; Columbia, 19½; and Amherst, 12. It looks this year as though the score might run on the night of the 30th: Harvard, 45 to 50; Yale, 20; Columbia, 19; Princeton, 17; Amherst, 6; University of Pennsylvania, 5. It is a toss up, however, for second place between Yale, Columbia, and Princeton, though their scores are not likely to vary but a few points from the figures given. The broad jump will be the settler.

IN THE SPRINTS Princeton should have a sure first with Cary in both the 100 and 220; second place in both of these events seems pretty safe for Harvard, with Hawes in the shorter and Cook in the longer. Though Vredenburgh, of Princeton, has always defeated Hawes, the Harvard man has shown much improvement this year, greater than the other, and it is on that account I give him the preference. Victor Mapes has also shown better form in the 100 than Vredenburgh, and should get third, or even second. Cook did 22⅗ last Saturday for the 220 on a very heavy track, and that's good enough to make him a pretty safe second on the 30th. The hurdles will be the greatest events of the day. In the 120, public form gives first to Williams, Yale, who has several times reached 16 seconds, even doing it on that heavy track at Cambridge last Saturday, but Herbert Mapes, Columbia, has greatly improved, and will make a harder race than he did last year. He is much stronger, takes the hurdles with the greatest skill, and is a decidedly formidable opponent. Fearing, Harvard, will take third. The 220 hurdle will be a great race. Lee, of Harvard, holds the record, but Williams, Yale, is so close to him that there is really little choice between them. In the Yale-Harvard games last Saturday they were just about even in this event at the 150-yard mark, when Lee swerved into Williams, and knocked him out of his stride. Fearing will take third in this also.

THE QUARTER-MILE will be a stubborn fight. Roddy, of Princeton, should capture first. He has been much interrupted in his training the past month, being sick with the measles for a while, and then injuring one of his toes so as to lose the nail. If he comes up in form, he should win, and get close to 50 seconds; indeed, he will be obliged to, for Wright, of Harvard, is dangerous, though an inconsistent performer, and is said to have done a quarter in 51. Mullens, also of Harvard is a good man, and likely to take third. Columbia has Langdon, who has done 52, and Yale has Jones and Scoville, who have about equalled that time; but the first three seem to have the call. If Princeton loses this event, she is certain to drop into fourth place. Shattuck, of Amherst, has a record of 52⅗, did well last year, but it is doubtful if he is not out-classed this. In the half-mile I can't see any man who has shown as good claim to first as White, Harvard; he ran a half last Saturday at Cambridge, on a very heavy track covered with puddles, and in a hard rain, in 2.01⅗. Wright, of Yale, who has done 2.01⅘, finished second, and the fight should be between these two on the 30th. Vosburgh I have placed third; he has a record of 2.02, and is much stronger in every way than when he made it; but that 2.01⅗ on so heavy a track seems to place the Harvard man in the lead. Batchelder, of Harvard, is a greatly improved man, and will keep the third man moving lively.

THE MILE RUN will be another very close, hard race from start to finish. Each college has good entries, and it is safe to say that there will be more men finish inside of 4.35 than has ever been seen in one set of games. Wells, of Amherst, on public form, ought to be given the five points, and yet I should not be at all surprised to see him defeated; it seems as though there was too much young ambitious blood this year, magnificently trained, for Wells to contend with. Nichols, of Harvard, will either take first or go very close to it; he ran the distance on the heavy Cambridge track, in a driving rain, in 4.35⅘. Ellsworth, of Yale, making a very close second to him. Both Hornbostel and Whitney, of Columbia, are good strong men; the former has done 4.34, and the latter, 4.36; they have not equalled Nichols or Ellsworth, but there is no knowing what they might do on the 30th. Besides these, there is Lowell, of Harvard, who is reported to have done around 4.36; he did not show up prominently in the Yale-Harvard games, likely, on account of the heavy track; he may upset calculations, but if he does he must run faster than he has thus far. Woodbridge, of Princeton, is also a good man, but will probably not be fast enough to stay with these men.

WHEN THE WALK BEGINS there is likely to be music. Hale, of Harvard, is reported to have done 6.56½, but notwithstanding this, it is rather my impression that Collis, of Columbia, will win, if he doesn't lose his head. He has covered the mile in 7.01, and is walking strong and fair. Hale has a very peculiar gait that has created quite a deal of criticism, but competent and unbiassed judges declare it fair. He should make a hard race, and finish second, unless in the excitement of a close finish he gets ruled off. This is a matter for Collis also to guard against. Gregg, Amherst, won the mile easily last year in 7.12, and he may upset all calculations by repeating the performance this year, but it is doubtful. Owing to having been ill with the grip a great deal this spring he has not improved a great deal, and his best time has been passed by the other two. If Taxis, of the University of Pennsylvania, enters the two-mile bicycle event, first place should fall to him; otherwise Harvard will get all the points in this event. Davis, Pratt, Taylor, Hawes are four riders who can easily give handicap to any other college men, Taxis excepted. Hallock, of Amherst, did fairly well last year, but he is not fast enough this year. Tug of war will go to Columbia; and first, second, and third in the high jump to Harvard, with Fearing, Green, and Lee.

THE BROAD JUMP winner is somewhat of a difficult one to pick. Ramsdell, Princeton, has a record of 22 feet 6 inches; V. Mapes, Columbia, jumped 22 feet 9 inches a few days ago; Williams, Yale, has done 21 feet 10 inches; Bloss, Harvard, 21 feet 10 inches; and Green, Harvard, 21 feet 7 inches. Ramsdell has been ill, and is not now in good form; moreover, he is not a consistent performer. Mapes is jumping well, and I rather incline to him for first, with Williams second, for he is a steady man, and can always be depended upon to do 21 feet 6 inches at least. Ramsdell should take third, though he may turn up in great form and take first. Bloss and Green have not been showing form that would put them in with these three, though Bloss is liable to make a good jump, especially as he will be fresh. He has been ill this spring, and not yet strong, but will do good work in the fall. The pole vault should go to Ryder, Yale, with Sherwin, Harvard, and Briggs and Cartwright, Yale, fighting for second and third places. Finlay, Harvard, has first in the shot and hammer surely; he did 40 feet in the former and 108 feet 5 inches in the latter on Saturday. Elcock, Yale, ought to take second in the shot, though no one knows what Jefferson, Princeton, has been doing. Second in the hammer should rest between Evins, Harvard, and Jefferson. The latter won second last year with 93 feet 1 inch, and Evins did 96 feet last Saturday. Elcock has done 96 feet, but there is no knowing what he may do on the day of competition.

WHETHER THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA will send over any men is not known, athletics being in rather a demoralized condition over that way, I hear. Church and West are the two best men. The former can probably do 2.03 for the half, and 5 feet 9¼ inches in the high jump. West is equal to 4.35 in the mile. None of these are good enough for first place. The university should send over its team, and work up the interest in track athletics it has neglected for several years.

THE NEW ENGLAND INTERCOLLEGIATE Athletic Association has been in existence four years, and in that time Amherst and Dartmouth have each won the pennant twice. If there is anything in the order of alternation that has governed past contests, Dartmouth should win the championship this year, on next Wednesday, at Springfield. It must be remembered, however, that Amherst has all but one of her prize-winners of last year, while the other colleges have sustained the loss of good men. Last year, Amherst took 10 first prizes, 4 seconds, and 7 thirds; Dartmouth, 4 firsts, 3 seconds, and 4 thirds; Williams, 3 firsts, 3 seconds, and 4 thirds; and only 1 first, 7 seconds, and 2 thirds were left to the smaller colleges. In the past four years Amherst has taken 25½ firsts, and 18 seconds; Dartmouth, 23½ firsts, and 8½ seconds; and Williams, 11 firsts, and 18½ seconds. It is evident, therefore, the three leaders in the Association are quite well matched, and that the contest between Amherst and Dartmouth especially will be a hard and close one. Williams will doubtless work hard enough to upset calculations in some events, while Brown, Trinity, Wesleyan, and Worcester, will be seen to better advantage than heretofore.

IN THE 100-YARDS DASH last year Amherst took every heat, F. Raley winning the final on a heavy track in 10⅗. His strongest rival, Williams, of Dartmouth, has been graduated; but there will yet be some fast men in the event. Williams has a good Freshman in Lee, but experience will count heavily, and that is what will aid Dadmun, of Worcester; Hall and Ide, of Dartmouth; Aldrich, of Brown; Boardman, of Amherst; and Slayback, of Wesleyan. The 220-yards event will have some good men in Shattuck, of Amherst; Hall, of Dartmouth; and Dadmun, of Worcester, and the finish should be close. The quarter-mile run promises to be one of the prettiest races of the day, with Jackson and Shattuck, of Amherst; Rowe, of Dartmouth; and Dadmun, of Worcester, among the entries. Shattuck was first last year, with Jackson and Rowe tied for second; but the improved form in the others, and especially in Dadmun, assures some changes in the finish. First should be close between Dadmun and Shattuck. Jackson, of Amherst, took the half-mile last year, but Dadmun should be a sure winner in this if he starts.

THE HIGH AND LOW HURDLE winners are about as uncertain as is any event on the programme. In the 120 yards there will be Ludington, of Amherst; Ide, of Dartmouth; Hoisington, of Trinity; Ralston, of Wesleyan; and Dadmun. Ludington took first last year, with Ralston and Dadmun just behind him; but his severe illness, and the presence of several speedy men will make the outcome extremely doubtful. In the 220 practically the same men will compete, and the result is equally doubtful. Ralston, and Humphreys of Dartmouth, were the leaders last year. The mile run has been won three years by Wells, of Amherst, who holds the Intercollegiate record, and there is not much probability of a better man appearing next Wednesday. Wells is also good for the two-mile run. Gregg, of Amherst, was the winner of the mile walk last year at the Intercollegiate championships in New York, and he is undoubtedly a sure winner for the Springfield meeting. The pole vault was taken by Ewing, of Amherst, last year at 9 feet 3 inches, whose most dangerous opponent this year will be Wentworth, of Williams. The 2-mile bicycle race was an Amherst procession last year—Hallock, Delabarre, and Pratt; no very formidable rivals have been heard of.

DARTMOUTH WILL HAVE, very likely, a winner in the hammer with Little, who was second last year. If Grow, of the University of Vermont, gains steadiness, he may be a dark horse, as some expected him to be last year. The shot was captured by Alexander, of Amherst, last year, and as he has been doing good work, he looks like a winner. In this event, as in the pole vault and running broad jump, Potter, of Dartmouth, seems good for a place, provided he recovers from an injury he is reported to have sustained recently. Williams has lost Crook, the holder of the world's record for the standing high jump, and is, therefore, not so sure of this and the standing broad. Edgerton, of Williams, however, is a fair man in both events, though the results will depend on the new material developed. So also in the running high jump, Barrows, of Brown, took the event last year, but there are new men to be heard from. The tug-of-war contest between Dartmouth and Williams is an event of much uncertainty and interest. To the surprise of many, Williams won it last year, and it is impossible to conjecture which one will do the surprising this year. At all events, a series of hard-fought and interesting contests is assured.

THE HARVARD CREW is by no means up to date. The finish in style and perfection in watermanship which a winning crew ought to have a month before the race are wanting. As I watched them one afternoon last week, I was disappointed to find how little they had improved during the past three weeks. The groundwork for a fast crew was evident, but the errors in rigging and the poor watermanship gave little encouragement that the necessary improvement could take place before the last of June. The oars were constantly hitting the water, the catch and finish were poorly timed, and there was a general air of unsteadiness about the whole stroke. With the shell first on one side and then on the other, good rowing was out of the question, even by those perfectly able to handle their oars well. It was a poor exhibition of rowing, I saw, by a crew that should, from the pains which have been taken in regard to coaching, be competent now to keep a shell on its keel, and take it along at a right smart pace. As it was, the oars barely covered spaces, and that, too, with wind and tide favorable. The stroke was short and snappy; the oars were much longer out of water than in it, and poorly handled from start to finish.

NEWELL, AT BOW, was evidently ill at ease, and his discomfort was due in no small measure to the wretched way in which he was rigged. No man living can learn to row with his oar handle up to his shoulders. He may have been placed at such a disadvantage to correct some fault, but I take the liberty of stating that I consider it poor policy to give a man several faulty measurements to correct one fault. A man should first be made comfortable, and so placed that he can get his full power on to the stroke, and then taught how to do it. The theoretical side of how to correct a fault is entirely useless in regard to rowing. Newell was trying his best to do his share of the work and row well, but rigged as I saw him it was an impossibility.

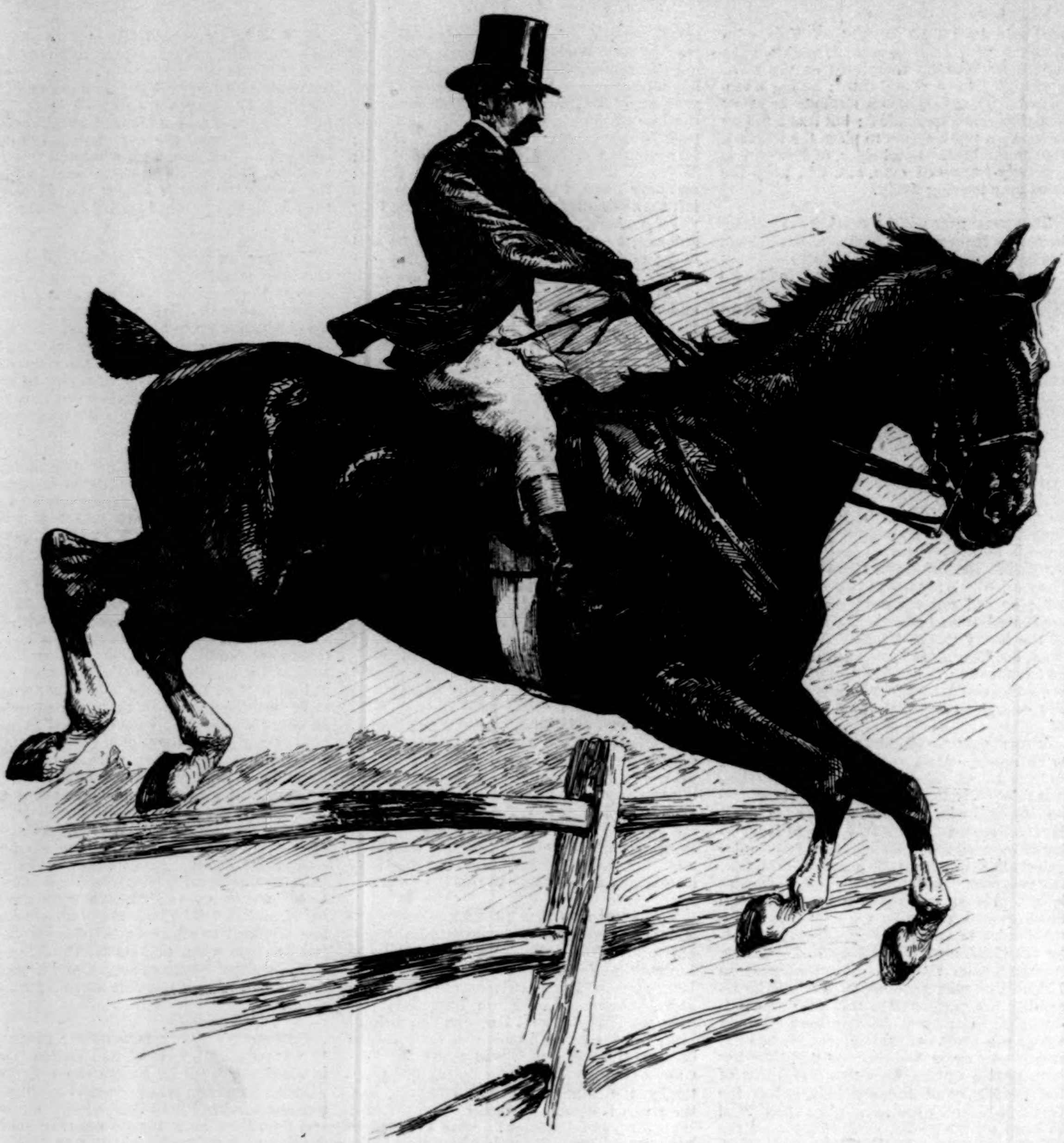
POWERS AND RANTOUL were doing fairly good work, but their light weight would not permit them to swing on to their oars with the vim which the other men in the boat had at their command. Consequently, I noticed, time and again, their oars would almost stop at that part of the stroke where they ought to be travelling at nearly their highest speed. In other words, they were inclined to take hold of more than they could carry through. In addition, their oars were not carried through on the same level. This fault, by-the-way, was a general one throughout the boat. Leynam had evidently not forgotten his old Bowdoin tricks. He snapped at his oar in a vicious way, and threw his head with every catch. Accustomed, as he has been, to rowing with men who knew enough to keep their oars off the water on the recover, and carry the boat along on her keel, it is no wonder that he finds it hard work to row in form when no two men in the boat keep the same length of stroke, and have the shell first down on one side and then on the other.

CUMMINGS'S WATERMANSHIP IS A DISGRACE to a varsity boat. He should be taken out in a pair-oar until he knows the difference between keeping his oar squarely against his pin and allowing it to wabble first one way and then the other. He did not take hold of the water squarely once while I was watching him, and his finish—well, there wasn't any; it was all recover. Vail was doing better work than when I saw him last. He is not rigged to the best advantage, but so soon as he is fitted a little better, I shall expect to see him improve rapidly. Kelton and Captain Perkins were doing the best rowing in the boat, but they were not together, and Perkins was not setting a good beat to the stroke. He must put a sharper accent on his changes, if he hopes to get his crew together. From the sluggish way in which the crew took hold of its work, I judge the long rows which the men have taken of late have deprived them of the life to keep up to their work.

THE YALE FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION has donated a portion of its surplus, to the extent of $4000, to the purpose of erecting a cottage on the field containing dressing-rooms, etc.; $3000 to be for the house and $1000 for maintenance, if the field committee desire. Plans are drawn for the house; but there is some talk of raising two or three thousand more, and making it more elaborate as well as more substantial. It is an excellent plan, and one that can be followed by the other colleges with much good result.

THE YALE BALL NINE has certainly begun to take on form, and one can hardly believe it the same set of men of whom I wrote not long ago. In the Brown game at New Haven it would not have been unexpected if the Providence men had taken their revenge upon the boys who snatched a game from them last week in the ninth inning in such a remarkable fashion. Instead of this, however, the Yale men batted like veterans, and although their fielding at times was very loose, the result of the game was never in question. In the first place, Calhoun is back on second, and although he only tosses the ball to first, he uses the stick like a professional, and his base running, in spite of his care about sliding, is of the old-time quality that has already won two championships for Yale. Cushing can use the bat as well as Calhoun, and drove the ball out as though the pitching suited his taste exactly. Owsley was once more on third, and though his throwing was fully up to the mark, his general play showed lack of practice, while his batting was as weak as last year, and no worse could be said of it.

BOWERS IS STRONGER than any one has given him credit for being, and while I do not think he can equal Young this season, he will be very valuable after a year's experience. As for Poole, he is the same "run-getter" that he was last year. He has a good eye, quick judgment, and perfect coolness. His fielding is at times a little careless, but



TRANSPORT.—Drawn by G. Mussarnott, after an Instantaneous Photograph.

he can evidently hold Bowers without the slightest difficulty whenever he thinks it necessary, and his work with Calhoun in catching men at second has evidently not suffered during Calhoun's absence. Case's work in the Freshman game at Cambridge last Saturday made Captain Calhoun think that he needed him in the field on the varsity, and it is evident that the young man knows what a bat is for, at any rate.

McClung hasn't shaken into shape as rapidly as the rest, and in fact if an important game were to be played to-day, neither he nor Owsley nor Calhoun would be ready for it, for they are all unsteady, simply from lack of practice. Murphy is going the other way. I don't expect to see him as good in two weeks as he is at present, although there will be no reason for the decline, except he becomes too well satisfied with himself. Winning both games with Brown, just after the latter had defeated Harvard two out of three, has, of course, caused the men to feel rather lordly; nevertheless they have a wholesome fear of Princeton. While they mean to make the men from New Jersey play ball in order to win, they do not have great hopes of defeating them, even in the game to be played at New Haven.

Letters from that portion of the coast lying between Virginia Beach and Currituck Light-house report great schools of blue-fish ranging alongside the surf, and driving the sea-trout by millions on the beach. Every vehicle, from the darky's ox-cart to the fair-horse schooner wagon, has been pressed into service by the country people, and yet the supply continues too great to secure all. It saddens the sportsman to think of the tons upon tons of this toothsome fish absolutely decaying on the shore for want of transportation.

The lovers of the rod are having fine sport on the Potomac just above Washington. The exceptional weather has advanced the season at least three weeks, and the catches are much above the average. The increase of fish in the vicinity of the falls in the Potomac, from Harper's Ferry to Washington, is not due to natural causes alone, but because of the stocking of the stream by the United States Fish Commission, which annually places thousands of fingerlings in sheltered spots in the creeks and estuaries of the Potomac. One great advantage this river has for the preservation of fish is that none of its great power has been utilized by mills, nor have there been any building of dams; hence the waters flow on pure and undefiled, and bass abound.

There has been now and again quite a deal of newspaper talk of a match race between W. C. Downs, who ran a trial quarter last July, at Beacon Park, Boston, in 47⅗ seconds, and Wendell Baker, who, with one running shoe off the last 100 yards, ran a quarter in 47¾, on the same track, July 1, 1886. It is all talk. There will be no match, though Mr. Baker may make some trials at the 300 and 440 yard records. If he is in form when he attempts them, he will succeed in establishing new records; he is equal to 47 seconds for the 440, and if any one can reach 30 seconds in the 300 yards event, he is the man.

At last the 75-yard record of 7¾ seconds, which has stood for years, has been lowered, and Luther Cary, of Princeton University, has finally made one record that will not be the subject of discussion. On May 9th, at his college games, Cary ran an exhibition 75 yards, paced by G. R. Swain, a young college sprinter of considerable promise, by-the-way, in 7⅗ seconds. A great deal is expected of Cary this season in record-making, and there is little doubt but that he will develop into the fastest sprinter of the decade.

A few weeks ago the *Sun* reprinted an extract from an English publication of the accidents that had befallen foot-ball players in Great Britain in one season. The idea of the transatlantic contemporary was, of course, to call attention to alleged brutalities of the game, and the injuries likely to arise from participating in it. A mere glance over the "butcher bill," as it has been happily termed by the brightest light in American foot-ball, shows, in the first place, that the compilation has been given us without the least sign of verification, and so one hardly knows whether or not to criticise it seriously. However, as it may fall under the eyes of some timorous parent with an ambitious sport-loving son at one of our colleges, a little space to its diagnosis will be well given. The first thing to be noticed in the "butcher bill" is that out of the cases of fatalities the majority resulted from *kicks* received in scrimmages—an accident never seen in an American game—and suggests that the greater portion of them might have come from the kicking or Association game.

The indirect deaths, set forth by the English paper as from foot-ball, while one may smile at the attempt to lay them at the door of the sport, nevertheless show the folly of attributing all sudden deaths occurring at games to the sports themselves. One of these men shown in the "butcher bill" fell dead while "pursuing an omnibus." This man was a player, and yet not fit to run a block after a 'bus! Another man was killed in a quarrel following a game. The compiler does not say whether he was a player or not, but it is an "indirect death from foot-ball"—save the mark! When a compiler reaches out so far as this he falls short of being, in our eyes, an honest investigator, and we are inclined to regard him as only an opponent of the sport, and one whose statements must be corroborated before we accept any of them.

The arrival of an expert fencer in the Italian school several weeks ago, Dr. A. Longo, from Buenos Ayres, gave rise to some newspaper discussion as to the relative merits of the French and Italian methods. It is very safe to say that those who attempt to compare the two are themselves ignorant of the methods of either. There can be no comparison. One is the essence of delicate scientific work, seconded by cool judgment and quick, decisive action; the other, the Italian, is a series of rushes and prods that must have given birth to the clap-trap fencing we are accustomed to seeing on the dramatic stage. Undoubtedly Dr. Longo is a very expert exponent of his school, and easily showed his superiority in his contest with Signor Siniscalco, who is considered the most skilful here. The agile South American in this city would, however, be at the mercy of a score of fencers of the French school, which is, indeed, the only correct school. It is significant to note that he declined to test his skill with Captain Hippolyte Nicolas.

Notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, it is hardly likely that Charles Psotta will again enter the Henley Regatta for the Diamond Sculls. He sailed for Europe in March, and the fact that the professional oarsman, Lee, who has been his trainer, left at the same time, probably gave rise to such a rumor, but though Lee's disappearance was widely reported, nothing was said of the fact that he turned up again very shortly afterward. Psotta took his boats with him—he always rows regularly for exercise—and this fact may give the impression to those unacquainted with his methods that he is in training. It is too bad that we shall have no representative in this regatta, especially as we have some very likely oarsmen. At Psotta's home in Philadelphia there are two, both members of the Vesper Boat Club, who can undoubtedly defeat him—George W. Van Vliet and Joseph Headley. Both are Juniors, curiously enough; the former won the Junior Race in the Fourth of July regatta last year very easily, but was disqualified for passing the buoy on the wrong side. His time was within a few seconds of the Senior's, E. J. Carney, who had a hard race.

Caspar W. Whitney.

TRANSPORT.

Transport, the property of Mr. H. L. Herbert, of New York, is a black gelding, seventeen hands high, with four white stockings and blaze face. His pedigree is unknown. He was purchased in Ohio, and taken to Rockaway, Long Island, about four years ago for driving purposes. He was found to be a natural jumper, and his first schooling over timber was with the Rockaway hounds; but it was not until a year later, when he became the property of his present owner, that his remarkable cleverness cross-country was developed. He was the winner of three blue ribbons in the New York Horse Show of 1888, one of which was the high jump for green hunters, which he won at six feet six inches. He has been ridden six seasons with the Meadow Brook, Essex County, Rockaway, and Queens County hounds, and has been down only once during that time. In the New York Horse Show of 1890 he was winner of the first prize for heavy-weight hunters, and the day following he took part in two high-jumping contests, during which he cleared six feet six inches three times, and six feet nine inches once, all within one hour, which was considered a remarkable performance, inasmuch as he had been used solely as a hunter, and had not been trained to high jumping. Transport is a horse of unusual intelligence, and one of the few which really enjoy jumping. He enters fully into the pleasures of the chase, and readily recognizes the slight difference in the appearance of his hunting saddle and the one used in exercise, and in many wise ways shows his eagerness for a gallop with the hounds. He has considerable speed, and is capable of great endurance, having seen the end of some of the longest runs known to the Long Island hunting clubs.

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AMERICAN ROADSTERS AND ROAD RIDERS.

BY CHARLES ARNOLD McCULLY.—ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.

IT was the purpose of a former article in the WEEKLY, entitled "The Development of the American Trotting Horse,"* to follow this peculiar equine type from his primitive condition at the opening of this century down to his present state of advancement. This was done with special reference to improvement in speed at the trotting gait, and it is in this respect chiefly that the light harness horse of this country excels all the other breeds of the world. While much attention has been paid to breeding in Great Britain and on the Continent, and the New World owes everything to the stock imported from England, it remained for America to set the fashion of noting the flights of the swift steppers as they trotted or paced under saddle and in harness. This lent a new pleasure to racing, furnishing, as it does, a criterion by which to judge of the respective merits of crack performers, even if they had not met in actual conflict. On the running turf little heed is paid to the time consumed in covering the various distances, the all-absorbing question being, "Which will get first past the post?" And it is not likely that the gallopers will ever be handicapped by the aid of the chronograph. Time records are a *sine qua non* with the harness racers, however, and by these we are able to note the progress in breeding and training that has been made since the trotting horse became a distinct species. The statisticians are in doubt as to the first authentic record of a mile below three minutes, but the latest table credits the feat to a horse called Yankee, who trotted a track of doubtful measurement at old Harlem Village in 1806, making the alleged mile in 2.59. From 1810 to 1820 two others, evidently from Massachusetts, as they were known as the Boston Horse and Boston Blue, made accredited records in about the same time at Philadelphia and Jamaica, Long Island. The next decade up to 1830 increased the number of champions, most of whom traversed distances from two miles up, at a rate below three minutes for a single mile. During the succeeding ten years the record was materially lowered, for in 1834 a black gelding, named Edwin Forrest, trotted under saddle in 2.31½, while the pacer Drover, of unknown breeding, did a mile in 2.28 five years later. This latter was the pioneer of the now famous 2.30 list, but as performances at the lateral gait are of secondary consideration, the real honor goes to Lady Suffolk, who was as celebrated in her day as Maud S. is now. She was a noted instance of the gray mare being the better horse, as she inherited that color from imported Messenger, to whom she traced through sire and dam, and was far and away the best trotter of her time. Her fastest mile was under saddle in 2.26, but she also drew a sulky over Beacon Course, Hoboken, New Jersey, in 2.29½. This was on October 13, 1845, and marks the first mile trotted in harness below 2.30. Since then trotters have multiplied so rapidly that up to the close of 1890 there were 4613 that had earned a place beside the stout old mare who started the list of 2.30 performers nearly forty-six years ago. Indeed a mile in 2.30 has long ceased to attract notice, unless by very young animals, and last season produced a yearling, the bay colt Freedom, bred in California, who placed the record for his age at 2.29¾.

The pacers have always been a trifle ahead of the trotters in speed, and from the date of Drover's mile just mentioned down to the present, the harness record has generally been held by them. Before Lady Suffolk accomplished her best mile, a chestnut gelding called James K. Polk paced in 2.27; and in 1859, when Flora Temple trotted in 2.19¾, two pacers had entered the 2.20 list. One of these, the chestnut mare Pocahontas, possessed a flight of speed that has probably never been surpassed, and so well able was she to sustain it that even with the handicap of a wagon she turned the circular Union Course on Long Island in the astonishing time of 2.14½. This stood as the race record from 1886 to 1887, when the phenomenal Johnston lowered it by three seconds. There can be little doubt that if Pocahontas could have enjoyed the advantages of the high-arched sulky and improved modern track, she would have set a mark that would still remain untouched by any other trotter or pacer this country has yet been able to produce.

From Pocahontas to Johnston the pacer has continued to hold his own against the trotter, and with a few exceptions to lead the latter for the championship. When Dexter reduced the record to 2.17¼ in 1867 that time was unbeaten for a year, when Billy Boyce paced under saddle in 2.14¼. Goldsmith Maid then restored the crown to the trotters in 1874, by her mile in 2.14 at Boston, and Rarus followed five years later with the 2.13¼ which made him king of the turf for a single season. St. Julien appeared in 1879, and trotted in 2.12¾, but the blind pacer Sleepy Tom eclipsed that by a quarter of a second during the same year.

The past decade has been fruitful in extreme speed, no less than forty-one horses having done miles in 2.15 or faster. Again the pacer leads, for Johnston, a bay gelding bred in Wisconsin, made a mile on the West Side track, Chicago, during the season of 1884, in 2.06¼, and this still remains as the fastest performance at either gait. So much regard is paid to the trotter, however, that when Maud S. followed the next July with 2.08¾, the pacer's achievement was lost sight of, and the more popular gait is the one which the horsemen of the United States continue in most cases to cultivate and seek to improve. For all that, the pacer has a considerable constituency, and in a section of the Southwest, especially Tennessee, efforts are made to breed for the lateral gait, and a stud-book for their registration has recently been opened.

Naturally the increase of speed has had its effect on the commercial value of both trotters and pacers, the former particularly having arrived where there seems to be no limit to the money they will fetch at private or public sale. The largest price obtained was $105,000, paid by a syndicate for the young stallion Axtell, just after he closed a brilliant season on the turf in 1889, when, in his three-year-old form, he continued to lower the record for his age till he placed it at 2.12. This broke the stallion record for any age as well, and made Axtell the more desirable for breeding purposes, so that the large investment was wisely placed, and he is worth at least $30,000 annually in the stud to his owners. There are other trotters whose value is rated still higher than the enormous sum paid for Axtell, and for the same reason. Nelson, a marvellously fast and pure-gaited stallion, bred in Maine, now holds the record for his sex, 2.10¾, and the quotation on him soon after he trotted his fastest mile was $150,000. California has at least three sires of such recognized worth that they would command considerably over $100,000 if placed on the market. One of them, Guy Wilkes, record 2.15¼, is an exceptionally fine animal, bred in the most fashionable lines, and the sire of some noted performers. His owner, William Corbitt, of San Mateo, had a tempting offer, said to be $120,000, from William R. Allen, a wealthy breeder of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, but even at this figure refused to part with so promising a horse. Sable Wilkes, owned by the same fortunate breeder, held the record for three-year-olds at one time, and last year came further into prominence as the sire of the champion yearling Freedom. It is probable that the purchase-money of Axtell would not secure this other young stallion; and it is quite as certain that Stamboul, who is perhaps the greatest of the trio, would realize a fabulous sum if he were again for sale. This horse developed speed early, and has continued to improve each year, till he closed last season with a record of 2.11. He and Nelson are of the same age, both having been foaled in 1882, and the Californian will again be a candidate for first honors this season. His present owner, W. S. Hobart, of San Francisco, paid some $50,000 for Stamboul a few years ago, and has refused to put a price on this splendid animal, who is not only unusually well bred, but a superb individual, between whom and Guy Wilkes there is a most spirited rivalry. Leland Stanford, whose breeding ventures far exceed those of any man in the republic, has a number of trotters on his big ranch in Santa Clara County, California, each of whom is worth a considerable fortune. Palo Alto, the fastest son of Electioneer, is probably the most valuable, as his record, 2.12¼, places him fourth among stallions, and he is an unusually game race-horse.

While public racing has been a powerful incentive to breeding, and the hundreds of driving parks that are to be found in all parts of this country are patronized from early spring to late fall, the trotting interest does not depend entirely on the turf for its commerce. The light-harness horse, or, more properly, the American trotter, first showed his excellence in speed and endurance on the road, and many of the old-time contests took place on the public highways, with the owners of the respective animals as drivers. In these the money consideration, though often large, did not weigh as heavily as the glory of possessing the faster horse, and the same amateur spirit keeps alive to-day, and prevails in many a famous contest. With the building of tracks, the first of which were in the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia, came the professional reinsmen, who occupy a higher place than the jockey rider, in that they also act as trainers. As trotting continued to increase in favor as a public spectacle, the professional driver took the place of the amateur, and the character of the sport changed from private pleasure to a business. Fortunately, however, the usefulness of the harness racer does not cease on his retirement from the turf, nor depend entirely upon it. In this respect he possesses a marked advantage over his fellow the runner, as the latter in most cases departs from active life when his turf career is over, and, except for breeding purposes, has no special value. This is particularly true of America, where there is much less riding than driving, though the saddle has not by any means been discarded, and in the large cities especially is coming more and more in popularity every day. But it is not from the thorough-bred that the supply of saddle-horses is drawn, his capricious temperament and inability to carry weight rendering him less desirable for the park and road; we find that a special breed is being used for this purpose, known as the Kentucky park horse. With the trotters, however, there is no need to supplant the animal that excels on the race-track with another strain of roadster, for they are as well adapted to the carriage as to the sulky, and can be readily transferred from one to the other. It is therefore impossible to separate the American roadster from the harness racer, and, considering the present status of that animal, the driving park naturally comes into prominence. Occasionally we find some famous performer who is taken from the turf before he has reached the limit of his speed, and in most cases the owner, however far his wealth may place him above financial consideration, is ambitious to give his favorite every chance to achieve the highest honors he may be capable of securing. Robert Bonner, who set the fashion for buying notably fast trotters at long prices, is a marked exception, as he has always refrained from taking part in a contest between horses, or even against time for a money consideration. No other man has owned as many famous performers as Mr. Bonner, or paid as much for the pleasure of driving a speedy roadster. He had several remarkably good horses before he purchased Dexter, in 1867, on the very day that the white-faced gelding lowered the trotting record to 2.17¼ at Buffalo, but the price, $33,000, was unprecedented, and the possession of the king of the turf gave Mr. Bonner a more extended reputation as a horseman than he had before possessed. Since

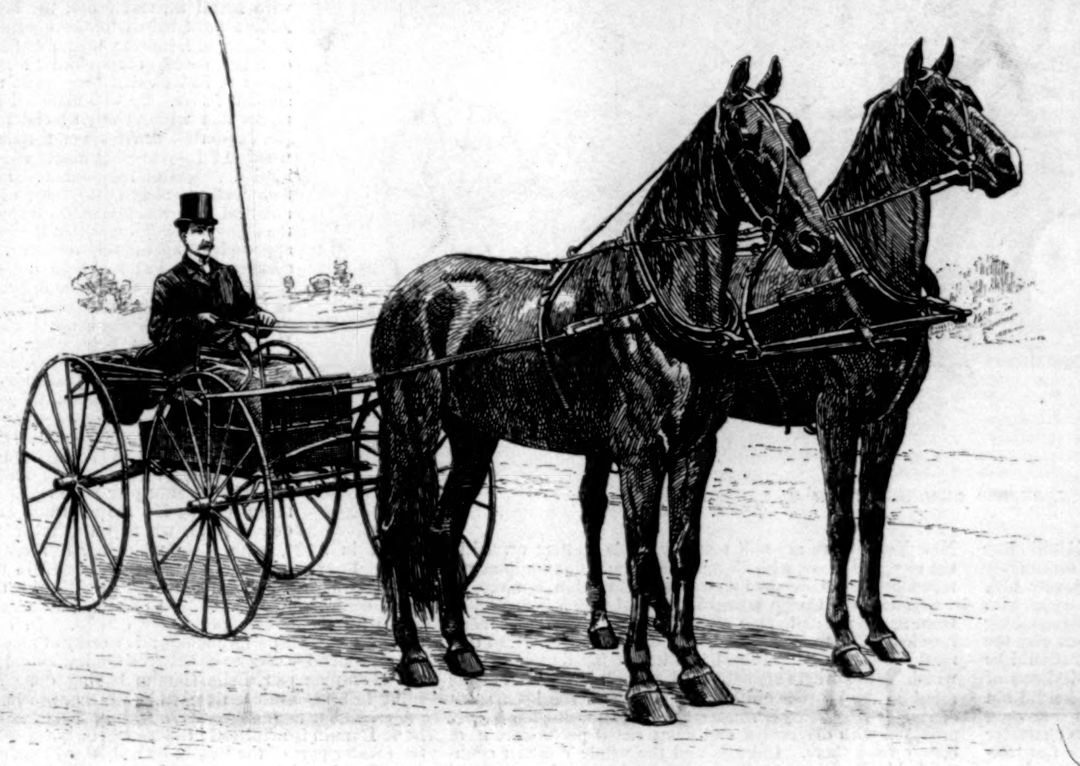

FIG. 1.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S PAIR—MIDNIGHT, RECORD 2.18¾, AND FLASH, RECORD 2.19¾.

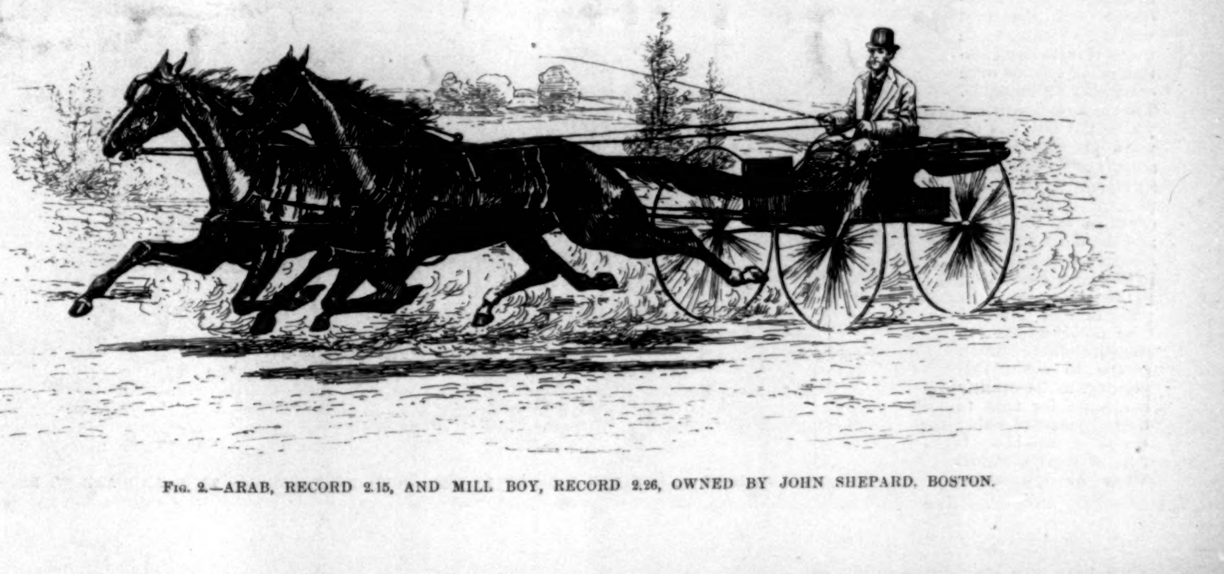

FIG. 2.—ARAB, RECORD 2.15, AND MILL BOY, RECORD 2.26, OWNED BY JOHN SHEPARD, BOSTON.

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* August 24, 1889.

then he has been always a liberal buyer, and, excepting Goldsmith Maid and St. Julien, has secured every champion trotter that has yet appeared. Dexter at one time was an inmate of his stable on West Fifty-fifth Street. Rarus, now twenty-four years old, will not leave his stall again till he is carried out, for his crippled front feet, which troubled him even in his best days, have now entirely failed him. Maud S. too has trotted her last mile against time, and the peerless chestnut mare retires, in her seventeenth year, to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, where she will be mated with his stallion Ansel, record 2.20, by Electioneer, and hereafter will be used for breeding. While she twice reduced her record after Mr. Bonner purchased her, it is probable that the daughter of Harold could have set the mark still lower, as she was only eleven years old when she trotted her last public mile at Cleveland, July 23, 1885.

While Mr. Bonner has given considerable attention to breeding, and has on his farm nearly a hundred head of fashionable stock, he has not lost his old love for driving, which he took up in the midst of his business career as a matter of health by the advice of his physician. He may be truly called the pioneer road rider, and, what is still more important, made the owning of a fast trotter thoroughly respectable at a time when the turf was notoriously bad, and everything connected with it was looked upon with suspicion. While he wisely refrained from having anything to do with public racing, Mr. Bonner saw no reason why the shortcomings of the men who controlled the turf should be visited upon the horses themselves, and being desirous of owning the best roadster that money could buy, he did not hesitate to go where the highest speed was obtainable, even in the face of public opinion. Having a business character above reproach, Mr. Bonner's championship of the fast trotter as a roadster gradually broke down the barriers of prejudice, and many other wealthy New-Yorkers followed his example. Before Manhattan Island had become the human beehive it now is, there were several roadways suitable for sending a trotter at top speed, and men noted in business and professional life could be seen daily taking a spin behind a swift-stepping team or a single horse, as their fancy dictated. Harlem Lane, which is now upper Third Avenue, being easily kept smooth and level, and affording the most elastic footing, was the favorite speeding-place. When the growth of the city made its use impracticable for fast driving, the light vehicles were forced to move nearer the centre of the metropolis. When the wild waste above Fifty-ninth Street, under the magical touch of the landscape architect, became Central Park, its upper outlets were naturally the most convenient for the road riders who found Sixth and Seventh avenues well suited to their pleasure. As long as the natural soil was the top covering, there was no interruption of the royal sport; but the increase of traffic in recent years has necessitated macadamizing, and again the trotter has been obliged to "move on." This time there is nowhere for him to go in the city proper, and his banishment at present is complete as far as speeding facilities are concerned. Across the famous old wooden bridge at McComb's Dam, on the Harlem, is Jerome Park Avenue, which is but ill kept, and so thronged in pleasant weather that it utterly fails to supply the place of the old driveways. There have been several projects to provide a place where the swift roadsters could go unmolested, the one most adapted being to build a raised roadway on the west side of Central Park. This would involve a large expenditure, but the cost would be readily made up by private contribution if the scheme were otherwise acceptable. The conservative policy which the city has always pursued toward allowing any special reservation of its big pleasure-ground has operated in this case, and the daily press has strongly opposed what it termed a concession to the millionaires. In point of fact it would take nothing from the pleasure of the common people to grant this privilege to the wealthy roadsters; for next to the enjoyment of sitting behind a fast horse is that of looking at him while he spurns the ground and sets time at defiance. Even with the limited accommodations on the upper avenues, the crowd of sightseers on bright days is always large, and when a trotter with a noteworthy record passes, even at a perfunctory snail's pace, there is a buzz of expectation, and a rush to get a glimpse of the equine celebrity.

The Driving Club of New York, which represents an aggregate of wealth estimated at a round billion dollars, and includes about all the patrons of trotting in the metropolitan district, has been obliged to abandon public race meetings from lack of patronage, but continues to use the grounds at Fleetwood Park for the private pleasure of its members. Matthew Riley, who is now president of the club, has devised a plan to provide a speeding-ground that will be less monotonous than the pear-shaped and heavily graded course at Fleetwood, his scheme being for a road to run along the bank of the Harlem, where there will be no interruption from heavy vehicles, and the water scenery will add largely to the pleasure of a fast drive.

Though the limited facilities for enjoying the nimble-footed roadsters have operated disastrously against the pastime in New York, there are still many valuable trotters owned in the city, and these, with elegant stables and fine equipments, represent an enormous investment. Brooklyn is more favored, with the Coney Island Boulevard, which is accessible from many points in that city. The soil is soft, and therefore less liable to injure the feet of the flying trotters, so that road riding can be indulged in without the discomforts to which New-Yorkers are subjected. In all large cities of the republic the sport is quite as popular, and the keen spirit of rivalry stimulates it wherever it obtains. Boston is well provided with driveways, and many noted performers have been owned there. Chicago and the whole Western country hold allegiance to the trotter, and scarcely a man of means in any State feels his happiness complete without a stable of well-bred roadsters who have at some time won laurels on the track. The sulky has so completely superseded the wagon for racing that it is now a rarity to find the latter used in a contest, though at one time it was frequently employed. For this reason the records, especially for a single horse, have not been changed as often as with the feather-weight two-wheeled contrivance, which reduces friction to a minimum, and enables the modern trotters and pacers to accomplish feats that at one time would be deemed impossible. For instance, the race record to wagon of 2.20½, made by Judge Fullerton in 1874, stood until last year, when Alfred S., a California gelding, improved that time by four seconds in a match against another trotter to sulky over the Belmont Course, Philadelphia. Even this most creditable feat attracted but little attention, and Robert Bonner secured this smooth-gaited trotter for a comparatively small price. Alfred S. is now his favorite roadster, and though now drawing an extra lot of weight, has shown numerous fast quarters and half-mile trials at Fleetwood track. The pacer Johnston drew a wagon in 2.14½ four years ago, defeating the crack trotter Harry Wilkes hitched to a sulky, and this stands as the best record at either gait. Among performances against time, the gray gelding Hopeful, who was also a great race-winner, holds the record to wagon by his mile at Chicago in 1878 trotted in 2.16½, and followed with two more in 2.17. It is pretty certain that this time could have been beaten long ago had any of the modern champions been prepared for it, but it remains as the wagon record, though Alfred S. touched it, as already stated.

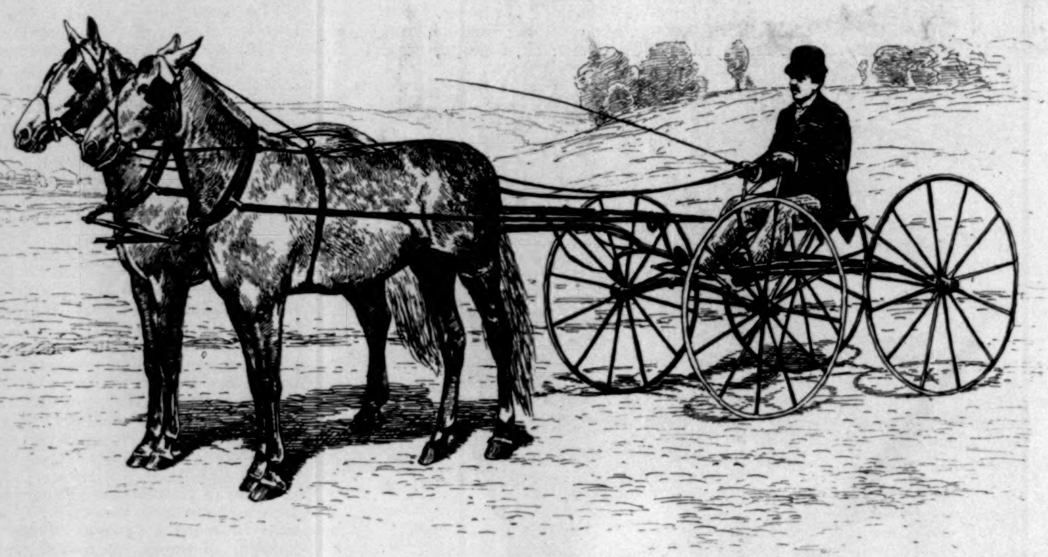
FIG. 3.—JACK, RECORD 2.12¼, AND PILOT H., RECORD 2.29⅛.

More attention has been paid to double teams, last season being especially fruitful in sensations, owing to the appearance of Belle Hamlin and Justina, two bay mares of Almont blood, bred and owned by C. J. Hamlin, of Buffalo, one of the oldest and most successful of trotting turfmen. It was some time before the team record got below 2.20, but within the past ten years that rate has been excelled frequently. In 1883 Independence, a gray stallion, and the black mare Cleora, owned by William Rockefeller, trotted in 2.16¼. At this time the rivalry between wealthy road riders ran high, and Frank Work placed his pair of geldings, Edward and Dick Swiveller, in training for a supreme effort to lower the record. They succeeded in doing this over the course at Fleetwood in 1884, but lost the supremacy to Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium, who, late that fall, drew a skeleton wagon round the same track in 2.15¾. Even more wonderful was the feat accomplished by the late William H. Vanderbilt, who was a master reinsman, and the most prominent road rider of his day. Besides Maud S., the railway magnate had numerous speedy trotters, and he was an expert in putting teams together. He tried several of them with Maud S., and found the brown mare Aldine most suited to the chestnut queen. Aldine was Kentucky bred, and had a record of 2.18¼, made at Hartford in 1882, while Maud S. had at that time gone nearly ten seconds faster. So well matched were these mares that without any special preparation Mr. Vanderbilt drove them a mile at Fleetwood in 2.15¼, carrying nearly twice the regulation weight of 150 pounds. Though not technically a record, the fame of this phenomenal mile was heralded everywhere, and the general opinion was that it would not be approached again this century. Strictly speaking, this has not been done, but Mr. Hamlin has more than once driven his team in faster time. After several tilts at the record of 2.15¾, he broke it at the Philadelphia Driving Park last September, during the Grand Circuit meeting, by sending Belle Hamlin and Justina over that course in 2.15¼. There was a question as to the accuracy of the official timers on that occasion, but a few weeks later Mr. Hamlin settled all disputes by driving his mares at Terre Haute in 2.15. This is the team record for a circular course, but this splendid pair were equal to greater things on the kite-shaped track at Independence, Iowa, where, on October 24th, they trotted in 2.13¼, with their white-haired breeder behind them. Four days later, with a professional in the wagon seat, the mares placed the record at 2.13, the trial being made contrary to Mr. Hamlin's orders, as he was well content with the honors previously earned. In considering these remarkable performances, it is worthy of note that there is a considerable difference between the individual records of the champion pair, Belle Hamlin having done a mile to sulky in 2.12¾ against time, while Justina has only 2.20 to her credit, made in a race at Poughkeepsie last August. As Belle Hamlin is manifestly the faster, she was made to draw the greater part of the weight by a shorter hitch, and in this way the two went so well together that they have set a mark not likely to be reached for some time.

Another fast team is owned at Cleveland by W. J. Gordon, who put his veteran campaigner Clingstone, record 2.14, beside the young gelding Guy when the latter had done nothing notable in single harness. This pair showed several creditable miles at different points of the summer circuit in 1885, their best one being in 2.17. As Guy has since trotted in 2.10¾, it is probable that with a mate something near his form he might improve materially on the earlier achievement in double harness.

While the team record is no longer held in the metropolis, there is no lack of trotters that can go fast together, the best pair by actual test being Aubine and Lady Wellington, owned by Henry W. Putnam, a millionaire inventor. These two mares were selected by Major S. T. Dickinson, a prominent road rider, during the racing season of 1889, and on the first trial at Fleetwood trotted in 2.16. Early last year Mr. Putnam purchased them for a large sum, which was not made public, but understood to be over $30,000, and they were put in training with a view to beating the record of Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium, before referred to. It is one thing to have speed and another to use it discreetly, and over-anxiety to get the promising pair ready for a supreme effort resulted in disappointment when the trial was made at Dundee Park, near Paterson, New Jersey, early in June. Two weeks later they somewhat redeemed themselves at Fleetwood by a mile in 2.16¾, and in another public trial at Poughkeepsie late in October reduced this to 2.16¼. As both mares are still young and vigorous, they should improve on this record considerably in the hands of a competent trainer.

Team-racing, though not much in vogue, has an occasional revival, and this season will be one of the features during the Grand Circuit Meeting at Cleveland in July. The record for this sort of contest is 2.18¼, held by Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium since 1885; the next performance in merit is that of the California pair Arab and Conde, who trotted together in 2.18¾ four years ago. Pacers have not done as well comparatively in double harness, one pair of no special fame having the best record, 2.18¼, at this gait; while Richball and West-

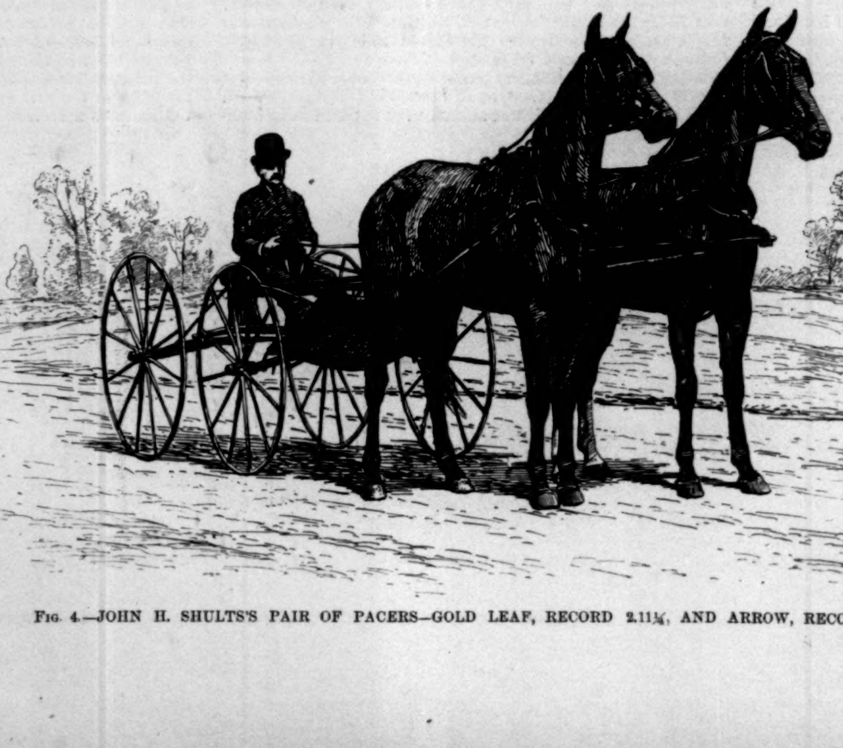
FIG. 4.—JOHN H. SHULTS'S PAIR OF PACERS—GOLD LEAF, RECORD 2.11¼, AND ARROW, RECORD 2.13¼.

mont, two celebrated campaigners, could manage only 2.19 when mated in 1883. Richball has a race record of 2.12¼, and Westmont is credited with 2.13¾, besides his own astonishing mile with a running mate in 2.01¾. It would seem from these results that it is more difficult to find pacers that can go well together than to match trotters, and there is no doubt that the rolling gait of these "side-wheelers," as they are called, is less adapted for fast team work than the alternating steps of the trotters.

In selecting the subjects for illustration which accompany this article the choice has been more with a view to distribution of locality than anything notable these horses have done to pole on the track. All have fast records, and are fit representatives of the modern roadster. Flash and Midnight (Fig. 1), owned by John D. Rockefeller, the head of the Standard Oil enterprise, are a perfectly matched pair of blacks that have been driven together for several years in this city. Midnight is a wonderfully preserved gelding, and in spite of his nineteen years is always ready for his work. He has a most creditable turf record, which began when he was six, and includes eighteen races, ten of which he won. He competed against the crack trotters of his day, such as Hopeful, Robert McGregor, Charley Ford, Hannis, Adelaide, and Proteine, scoring successes over all but the last-named. His fastest mile, 2.18¼, was made in the first heat of a hard-fought battle at Buffalo, August 3, 1878, where Proteine finally won. Besides earning fame for himself, Midnight did much for the reputation of his sire, Peacemaker, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, who at one time was at the head of Secretary B. F. Tracy's stud at Apalachin, New York. His mate, Flash, is considerably younger, as she was foaled in 1878, and her public career was much shorter, for Mr. Rockefeller secured her soon after she appeared at Cleveland in 1884, where she won the third heat of a race in 2.19½. Her breeding is not of the fashionable sort, but she gets a speed inheritance from her sire, Bonesetter, who scored many heats below 2.30, the fastest being 2.19, while through her dam she traces to the runner Sir Alfred, with a pacing cross from her second dam by Bay Tom Hal. In her races Flash required considerable weight to balance her, wearing a fourteen-ounce shoe, with a toe weight of about ten ounces. Since then her gait has become more fixed, and she can speed with half the weight, while the boots once necessary to guard her quarters, knees, and shins have been discarded. Midnight was always remarkably pure in his gait, a bar shoe of ten ounces being sufficient even for fast work. He has never been lame, in spite of considerable racing and a long term of usefulness as a roadster. His merits in double harness are of a high order, and he has trotted with Clingstone in 2.18¼. His best performance with Flash was in 2.22, and the pair can yet show a mile below 2.25 almost at any time.

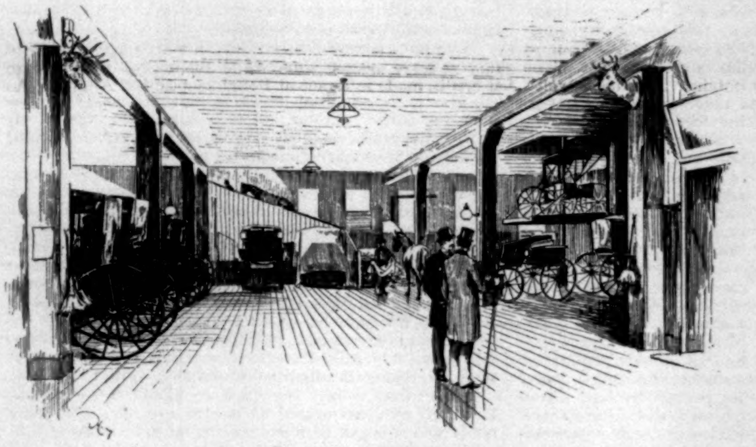

FIG. 6.—A MAIN FLOOR.

Mr. Rockefeller is a consistent road rider, and except in the summer, when he goes to Cleveland, can be seen every day in Central Park and up the avenues, generally behind his favorite blacks. Besides them he has several fine roadsters, including Trifle and Hilton, a pair of geldings by Masterlode. His gray mare Kate McCall, record 2.23, is now used for breeding, and he at one time had the crack Tennessee mare Annie W., who trotted in 2.20 shortly before he purchased her.

There could be no better representative of Boston horsemen than John Shepard, the head of an extensive business, and a devoted patron of trotters. Mr. Shepard has never been without a superior roadster since he could afford that luxury, and he is an amateur driver of no mean ability. Like most New-Englanders, he began with horses of Morgan blood, and at a time when this strain was more highly prized than it is to-day. Of these, the first with a record below 2.30 was Glengarry, who won a race at Buffalo in 1871, trotting one heat in 2.27. Goldfinder, a chestnut stallion with a record of 2.23¼, was another fast descendant of Justin Morgan owned by Mr. Shepard, and he selected as a mate for him Blondine, record 2.24¾, by George Wilkes. A faster mare, also of Kentucky breeding, attracted him, in Butterfly, an inbred trotter, as her sire and dam were both by George Wilkes. Her fastest mile was in 2.19¾, and along with Blondine she has earned a respite from road duty, and they have been sent back to Lexington as brood-mares. Mill Boy, by Jay Gould, a stallion of the famous Hambletonian-Star blood, is one of the best pole horses to be found anywhere, and was originally chosen to go with Blondine. His record, 2.26, was made in a race during the season of 1881, when he won four races and lost two. As a mate for Mill Boy, after Butterfly and Blondine were reserved for breeding, Mr. Shepard chose a trotter of national renown, the gray gelding Arab, and this pair he now drives constantly. (Fig. 2.) Arab comes from California, and has an exceptionally good turf record, as he won no less than thirty of his forty engagements, during which he met such fleet opponents as Stamboul, Guy Wilkes, Anteeo, and Woodnut in his native State. He also made several campaigns in the Grand Circuit, where he was generally victorious. From 1883, when he first appeared, Arab continued to improve his record, and at last trotted in 2.15 at San José, September 29, 1888, when he vanquished the great Stamboul, who could get only one heat. A few weeks previously Stamboul had beaten the gelding, his only reverse that year. In double harness Arab had proved his quality by the race with Conde before mentioned, and he makes an admirable mate for Mill Boy. Both are up-headed and stylish, requiring only twelve-ounce shoes. Mr. Shepard has driven them a quarter of a mile in 33¼ seconds, and says of them, "they make a perfect team."

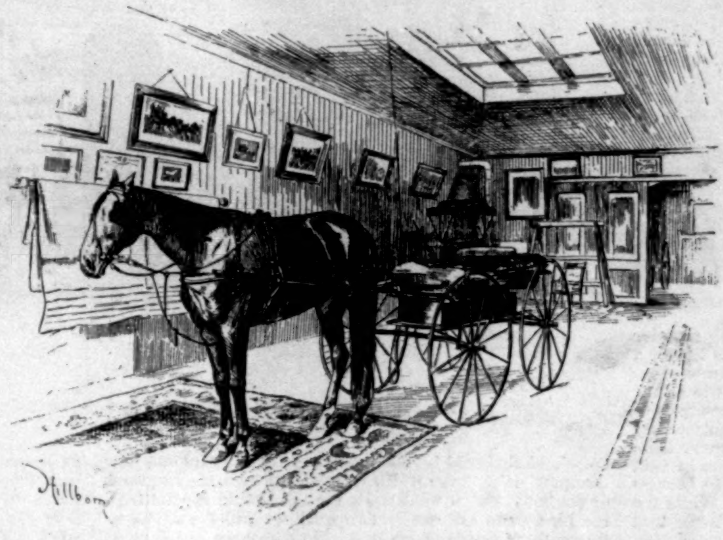

FIG. 5.—INTERIOR OF COLONEL LAWRENCE KIP'S STABLE, NEW YORK CITY.

Of the numerous pairs that have been seen on the wide boulevards of Chicago in late years, none were more pleasing and attractive than two bred in Michigan. They are geldings, iron-gray in color, Jack and his half-brother Pilot H. (Fig. 3.) The former has won the highest turf honors, and for the past five seasons has been a most consistent performer. Starting in 1886, at three years, he trotted in 2.37½, and won three of his four races. The next season he had an unusually heavy campaign for his age, but was able to win ten times in seventeen, and get in the fast list with 2.29¼ to his credit. Then followed a brilliant career in the Grand Circuit, where he was the largest winner of 1888, being defeated but twice in nine engagements. Having now a record of 2.19½, Jack could compete only in the fast classes, but in 1889 he was still able to land six races out of ten. At Lexington, in October, he defeated a formidable field in which were Nelson and Alcryon, the crack stallions of that year. Here the gelding trotted in 2.15, and a few days later won the free-for-all class, after Harry Wilkes had got two heats. Last season Jack started but once in a large field, his chief engagements being with Palo Alto, whom he vanquished at Detroit; and a few days later, at Chicago, lowered his colors to the swift Californian after a keen contest, in which he forced the stallion to lower the race record to 2.13. During the August meeting at Independence, Iowa, Jack trotted against time on the balloon-shaped course, and made his present record of 2.12¼, which places him fourth among the geldings. Pilot H. is three years younger than his famous relative, and has not been put through the same severe training. He won two races at three years, and in 1889 obtained a record of 2.29½. He will be brought out more prominently this year, and has already been the subject of flattering predictions. Up to a recent date these gray trotters were both owned by George Middleton, a successful showman, and Jack was by all odds the most popular roadster in Chicago. He has recently been sold to Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, so that the team, of which Mr. Middleton expected a very fast mile, has thus been separated. A remarkable thing about Jack is that he has developed his rare turn of speed with little or no artificial aid, going without boots, and in three-quarter shoes, or tips. He has an unusually high heel, and could trot without anything on his feet, except for the danger of injury on the hard tracks. A more faultless specimen of a roadster cannot be found than this handsome gray, who is more showy when at top speed than the majority of trotters at a moderate gait.

As already explained, pacers do not usually make a desirable team, and the pair here shown (Fig. 4) are best known by their single performances. They are of California breeding, the chestnut mare, Gold Leaf, being the faster by their records. She flashed out like a meteor in 1888, at three years, won six races without a single defeat, and scored a record of 2.15, the fastest for her age at that time. The next year she paced against time in 2.11¼, and was successful in one race, beating Adonis, but was unable to win again from him or the great mare Yolo Maid. Last spring Gold Leaf was brought to New York, and sold at auction for $8000. John H. Shults, who bought her, is a wealthy and liberal patron of the harness horse, and has an extensive breeding-farm at Parkville, Long Island. He had in the course of a visit to California in 1887 purchased Arrow, a bay gelding who had made a record of 2.14 at four years, and had not been beaten in eleven engagements. The price, $15,000, was a large one even for so promising a pacer, and Arrow was placed in Budd Doble's charge for the season of 1888. Starting at Detroit, he swept everything before him till he reached Hartford. Up to that time he was unbeaten, and had won fifteen races in three years. Not having got acclimated, he had been failing in strength, and at Charter Oak Park met his first and only defeat. He was sent to Parkville a mere skeleton, and though he rallied, has never recovered from the terrible strain. Last year Gold Leaf and Arrow were driven together a few times, but the gelding could not stand fast work, and was afterward sold for a few hundred dollars at auction. The pair are the fastest of their gait ever owned by the same person, except Johnston and Westmont, who were once put together by Frank Siddall, of Philadelphia.

While many road riders have built private stables for their choice steppers, the majority prefer to employ some one else to look after the comfort of their horses. This has created a demand for public boarding-stables, which in all the large cities do a flourishing business, for the same reason that hotels are patronized in crowded centres. In the vicinity of Central Park, particularly the southern entrance, these equine hostelries abound, and there are whole blocks composed of them alone. The rates are high, seldom less than $30 a month for each animal, but everything pertaining to his comfort is provided, and the owner has nothing to do but order his turnout as he would in a private stable. Visiting horsemen from all parts of the country agree that New York leads in the matter of providing comfortable and elegant homes for its fine horses, whether public or private, so that one need not look outside the metropolis for a model establishment of either class. Frank Work has a veritable palace a few blocks from the Park, while the Vanderbilts and William Rockefeller have erected imposing edifices convenient to their residences. Robert Bonner and John D. Rockefeller have smaller but thoroughly comfortable stables of their own within a few feet of each other, and there are scores of equally good ones in the same vicinity. Colonel Lawrence Kip owns an unpretentious but neatly kept stable (Fig. 5), where, in spite of his connection with the running turf, he indulges his fondness for a trotter. Colonel Kip's "rigs," as the road rider calls his equipages, are models in every respect, and he has carried off the blue ribbon for the best-appointed turnout at the National Horse Show on two occasions, securing first and second premiums last November with his mares Katrine and Fastrada.

Of the large boarding establishments the San Francisco Stable, on West Fifty-Second Street, is a specially good example, and the accompanying sketches convey an excellent idea of how such a place is arranged and managed. On the ground-floor is the spacious room where the roadsters are hitched and got ready for driving (Fig. 6). Most of the horses are on the floor just above (Fig. 7), and are led down the wooden incline, which is covered with scraps of leather to keep them from slipping. The upper floors contain the carriages, light and heavy, and these are lowered by an elevator whenever wanted for service. The granary and hay-loft are also above the stables, and so stored as to be quickly available.

A feature of every public stable is the office, where patrons can make themselves as comfortable as in their own parlors, and the San Francisco Stable takes a special pride in its reception-room (Fig. 8). On the walls are some excellent paintings and plates of famous performers, and the furnishings are of the best. The daily and weekly papers are as carefully kept on file as in the reading-room of a club, and there is a general attractiveness about the apartment. Adjoining the office are the dressing-rooms or closets, where the patrons may keep their driving coats, hats, and extra clothing for all weathers and seasons. Just across, on the opposite side of the carriage entrance, is the harness-room (Fig. 9), where the services of two men are required to keep the straps and buckles clean and in order. More than a hundred horses are quartered in this big stable, and on any fine day, whether summer or winter, the scene is an animated one. The early morning is the healthiest time for driving, and many a broker, banker, and lawyer take a spin through the Park or up the picturesque Riverside Drive, along the Hudson, before going down town. Others put off their pleasure till business is over for the day, and seek respite from its cares by jogging over the concrete road till the upper avenues are reached, when they may enjoy an occasional brush, to atone for the snail's pace of the first three miles. Sometimes Fleetwood Park is the objective point; but whether here, or confining himself to the indifferent driveways below the Harlem, the metropolitan road rider knows he is taking in a

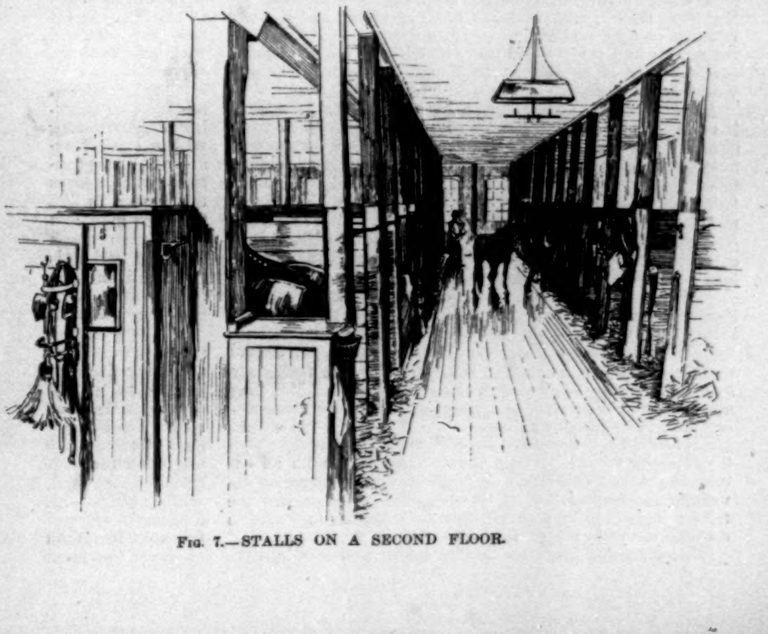

FIG. 7.—STALLS ON A SECOND FLOOR.

fresh stock of vitality, and that his example is being followed from ocean to ocean.

Reference to the boarding-stable would not be complete without mention of the proprietor, upon whom the character and success of the place mainly depend. He must be an expert horseman, able and ready at all times to attend to the wants of the owners, and personally superintend the care of his boarders. There is a constant demand for his opinion as to new or prospective purchases, and he is frequently called upon to select a single roadster or make up a team. Frank Ferguson, who manages the San Francisco Stable, has secured so large a measure of success that he is independent of criticism, and therefore needs but to be mentioned as possessing the necessary qualifications to conduct the large business his energies have built up.

William H. Van Cott, who was for a long time on Thirty-ninth Street, and has lately moved nearer the Park, is another well-known stable-keeper, who has seen the metropolis grow from a moderate city, and is full of interesting reminiscences regarding the horses and horsemen of a generation past.

Further up town, half a mile or so from the northern exit of Central Park, is Quinn's stable, presided over by a genial giant of that name, who is known to all Harlem, and patronized by as many road riders as can be accommodated in the big building. In short, as good wine needs no bush, so the stable boniface to the manner born is his own best advertisement.

Regarding the selection and care of the trotting roadster no arbitrary rule can be laid down, for the one is largely a matter of fancy, and the other depends on common-sense and experience. At one time the Morgan horse was all the fashion, and not without good cause, for the descendants of the stout little bay stallion who founded this family nearly a hundred years ago possess many qualities that make them valuable and desirable as roadsters; they are pure in gait, tractable in disposition, and possess more style to harness than the trotter of more fashionable breeding. While the Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief strains are larger, and have been trained to greater speed, they are not, on the average, as graceful as this New England breed which they have so completely supplanted. The Morgans are still used as an out-cross, but the main trunk of breeding springs from imported Messenger, through his son Mambrino, the grandsire of both Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief. In his book *The Perfect Horse,* written nearly twenty years ago, W. H. H. Murray indulges in a paneulogism of Justin Morgan at the expense of all other families. He would have to modify the fervor of his tribute in a modern edition, for the Morgan, by the crucial test of the market, is decreasing in value, while, as already shown, the strains which have produced extreme speed multiply in value as they get closer to the two-minute mark, which breeders now aspire to reach.

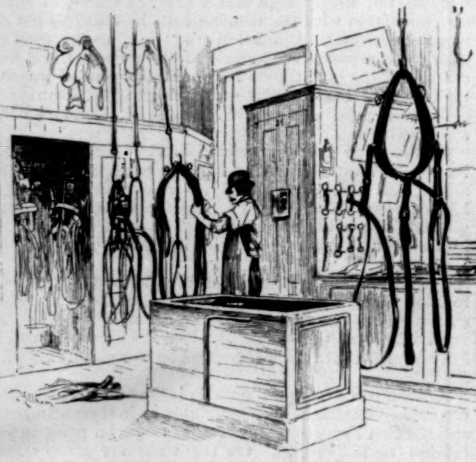

Fig. 8.—IN THE HARNESS-ROOM.

It will not do to measure the roadster of to-day—meaning, of course, the animal used in the cities solely for pleasure—with the horse that once did all sorts of duty, and with whom a high rate of speed was not so essential as the ability to keep up a fairly smart gait from morning till night. Steam and electricity have so revolutionized travel that men of leisure or those who seek occasional recreation want to move rapidly in any sort of vehicle. A prerequisite in the road horse of to-day is therefore the ability to go fast, and the best way to test this is by a thorough system of training on the track, whether with a view to racing or not. If the trotter or pacer is good enough for the turf, and is eventually to be used on the road, prudence must be exercised, so that his powers are not overtaxed. The average horse will not stand five or more campaigns without loss of spirit; and this is so well understood that the veteran racer commands but a small price when his turf career ends. Such heroes of the track as Majolica, Darby, and Kenilworth, all of whom had records well below 2.20, and the pacer Little Brown Jug, who held the race record 2.11¾ up to last season, have commanded a smaller price at public sale in New York than a vigorous young horse of average merit would ordinarily bring.

As to the points by which to determine the ideal roadster, it is one thing to define them, and quite another to find the animal that conforms to the requirements. It is amusing to note the frequent attempts of writers on the subject to define what Mr. Murray calls "the perfect horse," and one cannot help comparing their efforts at enlightenment with those of the excellent people who supply the world with *The Housekeeper's Guide, The Complete Letter-Writer,* and *The Hand-Book of Etiquette.* The man who possesses an inborn love of the horse will seldom fail to know when he finds one that will serve his purpose, and an ounce of practical knowledge is better than a ton of advice and theory. There may be physical defects which require an expert to discover, so it is always advisable to call in professional skill, which can be had readily. It is no uncommon thing for the best veterinary surgeons to disagree as to an ailment or blemish. Not long ago a wealthy road rider purchased a trotter with a fast record, and the animal was lame when it reached his stable. He consulted a surgeon with a high reputation, and he pronounced the trouble to be a spavin. Another, with an extensive practice, confirmed this opinion; but subsequent developments proved that they were quite in error, and the trotter was cured by a simple treatment that had nothing to do with the joint where the spavin forms.

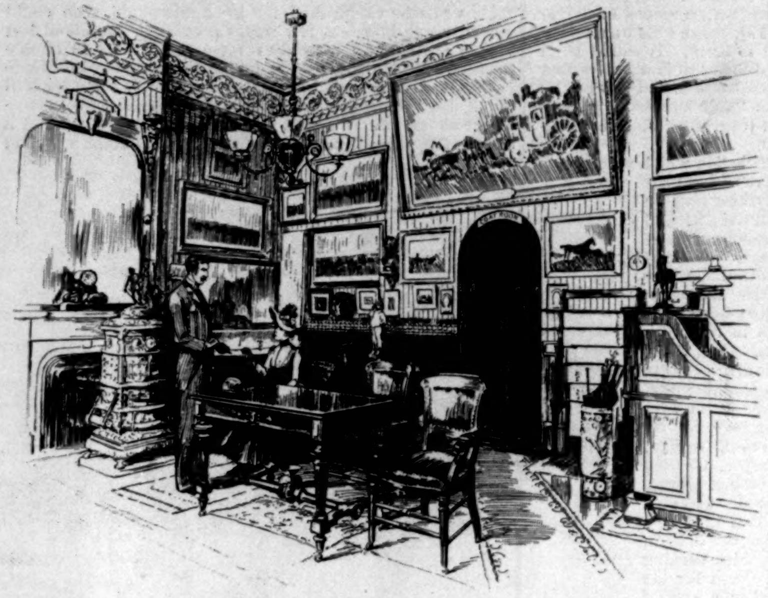

Fig. 9.—OFFICE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STABLES.

Without going into such minute details as to how long the horse's head should be, what the shape of the ears and how far apart, or as to the width between the eyes, the shortness of the body, and at what angle the tail should depend from the hips, there are one or two qualities which may be referred to as specially desirable. For instance, the greatest flight of speed is of little value if the trotter cannot sustain it for at least a mile. Lack of lung power is a certain indication that the horse will soon get distressed if urged to his limit, and this is determined by the simple law which holds that in order to have good lungs there must be room for them. The oblique shoulder and the broad chest are nature's proof that there is lung capacity, so that, given a healthy windpipe and a clear passage from the nostrils to admit the air, the horse is pretty sure to "go the distance." Muscles may get weak and joints stiffen, but that is largely a question of condition for which the owner alone is responsible, but no amount of nourishment and exercise will atone for the absence of an ample breathing apparatus.

As to physical conformation, about which so much has been said and written, there are a myriad exceptions to every rule. If a colt with trotting ancestry has a pronounced rake or descent from hip to withers, he should learn to go fast, but there have been such that could not make a mile in four minutes. The failure was not due to this peculiarity, however, and any youngster with this downward slope of body is well worth trying by development. The relative proportions of the limbs have much to do with the gait, and should therefore be considered. Since the greatest propelling force comes from the hind parts, they deserve first notice. Trotters are distinguished from runners by having the hocks well let down, while with the latter they are elevated. This is merely a question of leverage, and it is plain that the farther the hock is from the hip and whirlbone, the greater is the power to impel the body with the single limb. Conversely, the ability to use both levers, as at the gallop, increases as the hocks are removed from the ankles. Therefore the short cannon-bone and the low hock enable the horse to take the maximum stride with each leg in turn, and to maintain the trot at his utmost speed. Imported Messenger, whose blood is so largely represented in the fast harness performers of the present, measured thirty-nine inches from hip to hock, while imported Bellfounder, whose perfect trotting action made him a valuable sire for this country, was about an inch longer in this respect. Rysdyk's Hambletonian, who combined these two strains, was forty-one inches between these two joints, and his get inherited this same physical advantage, which has made them so superior to other families at the trot. Lady Thorn, the greatest of the immediate descendants of Mambrino Chief, had a tremendous length of limb, with the hock forty-two inches from the hip. This mare had a wonderful stride, with a gait as steady and even as could be desired, while, what was equally important, she kept her hind legs in a line with her body, and got the full benefit of each step with little or no waste action. It is this gait which breeders now aim to produce, Sunol, Guy, Axtell, and Nancy Hanks being excellent examples of this close, straight-line way of going.

Knee action, which certainly adds to the grace of trotting, cannot well be obtained without a sacrifice of speed, and a very low gait forward has also its drawbacks. A front leg with a short forearm and a long cannon-bone causes the horses to lift the knee high and bend it so much that the stride is shortened, and the foot pounds hard on the ground. *Vice versa,* the short cannon-bone and long forearm induce to a low step, with the knee stiff. The Morgan and Clay strains are noted for high action forward, while trotters with a strong infusion of thorough-bred tend to keep the front feet close to the ground. The union of Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief blood has resulted in a happy medium between the two excesses, and produced a more uniform gait than most of the old-time trotters possessed. In choosing a roadster the long forearm is especially to be avoided, as the horse will be more apt to break down if he is "calf-kneed" than when he has considerable action. The short forearm and high knee will cause the leg to bend out, instead of back, as in the other case, but the horse will last longer than where the fore feet reach far out, and come down with a dangerous strain on the ligaments.

The matter of feeding and general care in the stable deserves more notice than the scope of this article affords. Very little neglect will impair the roadster's digestion, the thing to guard against chiefly being an over-supply, whether of hay or grain. Here comes the need of intelligent direction at the hands of the owner or his foreman, since the average groom must be watched and regulated as if he were merely an automaton. Ventilation, drainage, and general cleanliness are as necessary to the health of the trotter in the stable as to his master in his house, and every horseman knows how neglect in these particulars affects the value of his stock. The feet and legs demand constant attention, and about shoeing alone there is a great deal to be said. Some zealous lovers of the horse contend that shoes ought to be discarded entirely, because the evil they work balances their benefit. On the hard pavements and sun-baked tracks there must needs be protection, however, and the steel or iron covering has not yet been improved upon for this service. There has been more thought in this direction of late years, and the modern shoe is a vast improvement over the older device. The use of steel reduces the weight, and smiths are learning that every horse should not be shod alike. Robert Bonner, who has studied the horse's foot more closely than most men, insists that it is unusual to find lameness anywhere above the ankle, and he has successfully treated many difficult cases by causing the crippled trotter to be shod under his direction. He must have the wall of the hoof made level, and the shoe itself as accurately so, that the pressure may not come unduly on any part of the delicate mechanism inside or above the horny lamina. By degrees, shoeing the roadster is becoming an art, which, though it will never be quite satisfactory, contributes more to his comfort than it has hitherto done.

Veterinary science, too, is doing much to prolong the life and increase the usefulness of all domestic animals, so that the horse, as the most valuable of the brute creation, deserves the greater consideration, and it is with him that the surgeon must be chiefly familiar. A most important branch is the care of the teeth, or what may be termed horse dentistry. As yet the veterinary colleges do not have a special course of instruction regarding the treatment of the horse's mouth, but in several of the larger cities of this country and Europe there are men who devote themselves entirely to this particular line of practice. In New York there is one of these equine dentists who is well known to the horsemen in this locality. He is John M. Bishop, better known by the sobriquet of "Doc," though the title comes by courtesy, for its owner did not have the advantage of a collegiate course in the profession to which he has given a lifetime of study. As there is much of novelty about this special subject—and its importance cannot be gainsaid—the substance of several interviews with Mr. Bishop is submitted in his own words:

"More than twenty years ago my attention was called to the many ailments caused by the teeth of the horse, and the study which began then has enabled me to learn many things of value in this connection. When a boy I was always around stables, and was particularly interested when a horse had anything the matter with him. I was specially fond of trotters, though my practice has been among all kinds of horses. It was not long before my observations led me to the belief that the proper care of the teeth was of more than ordinary consequence, and I resolved to give my time to the subject. At that period I had only a general idea of the anatomy of a horse's mouth, and I looked about for a book which would aid me. No such book was to be had, and even to-day I know of no work of any value on this particular subject. In the colleges they give some instruction on

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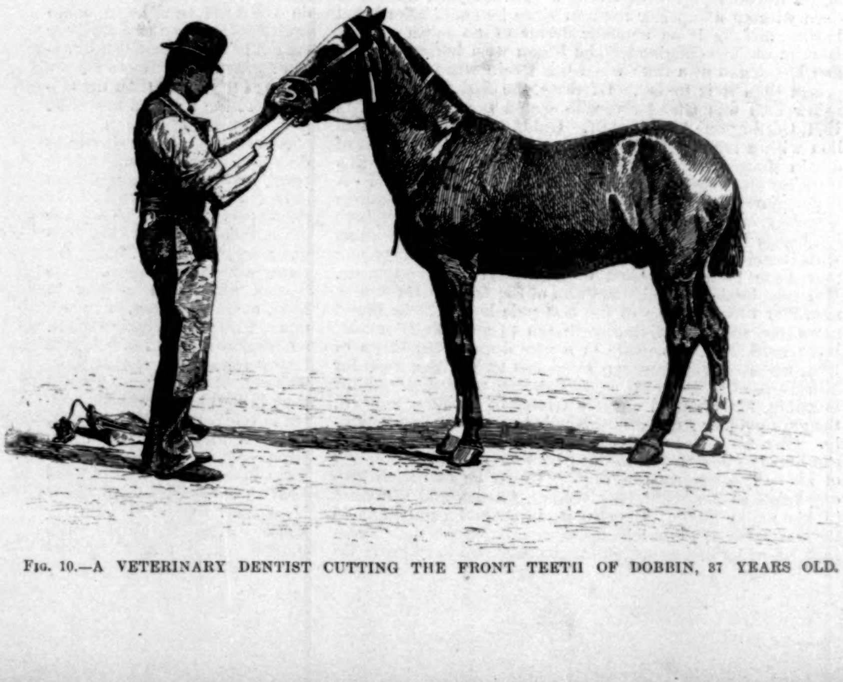
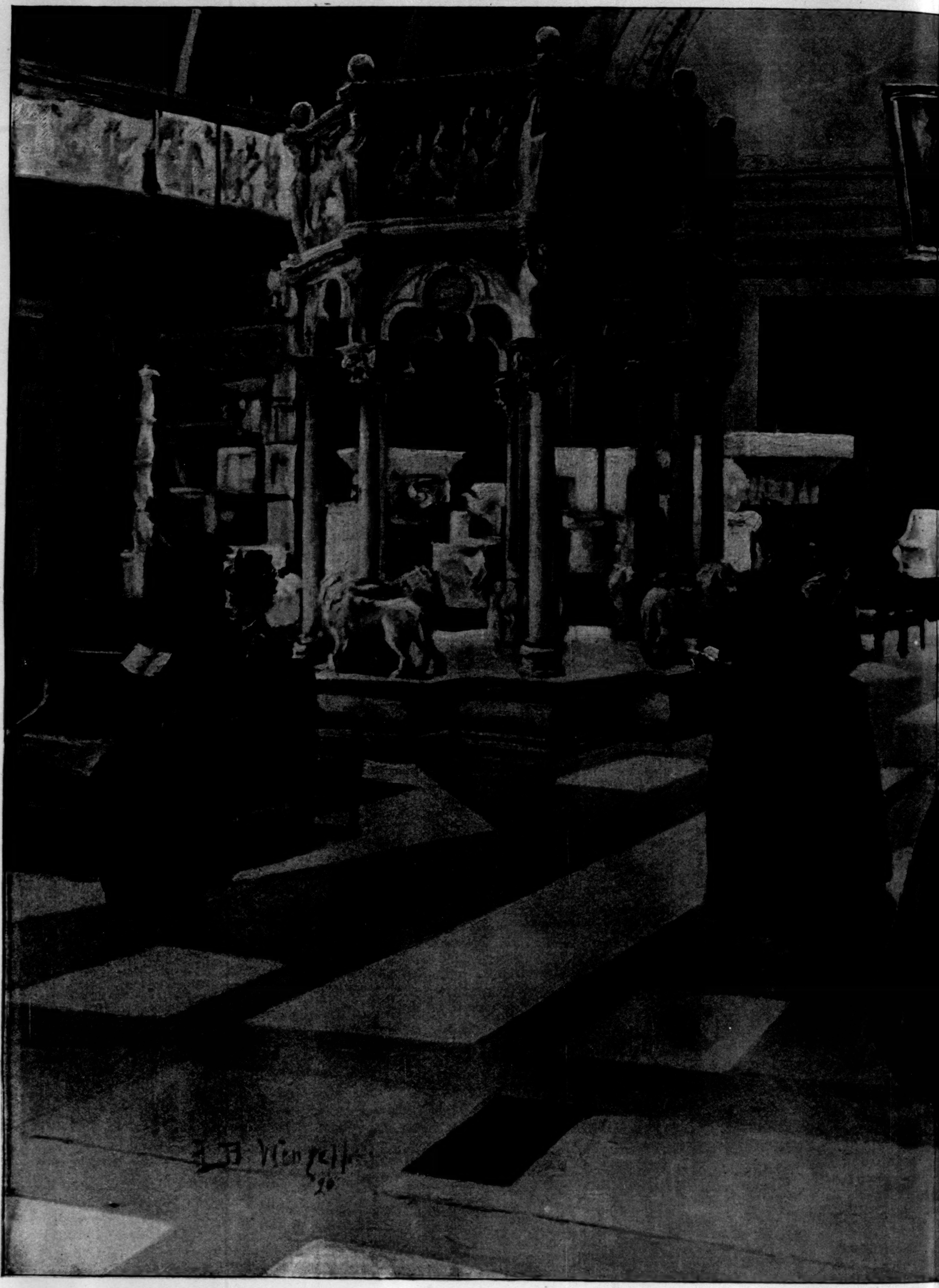
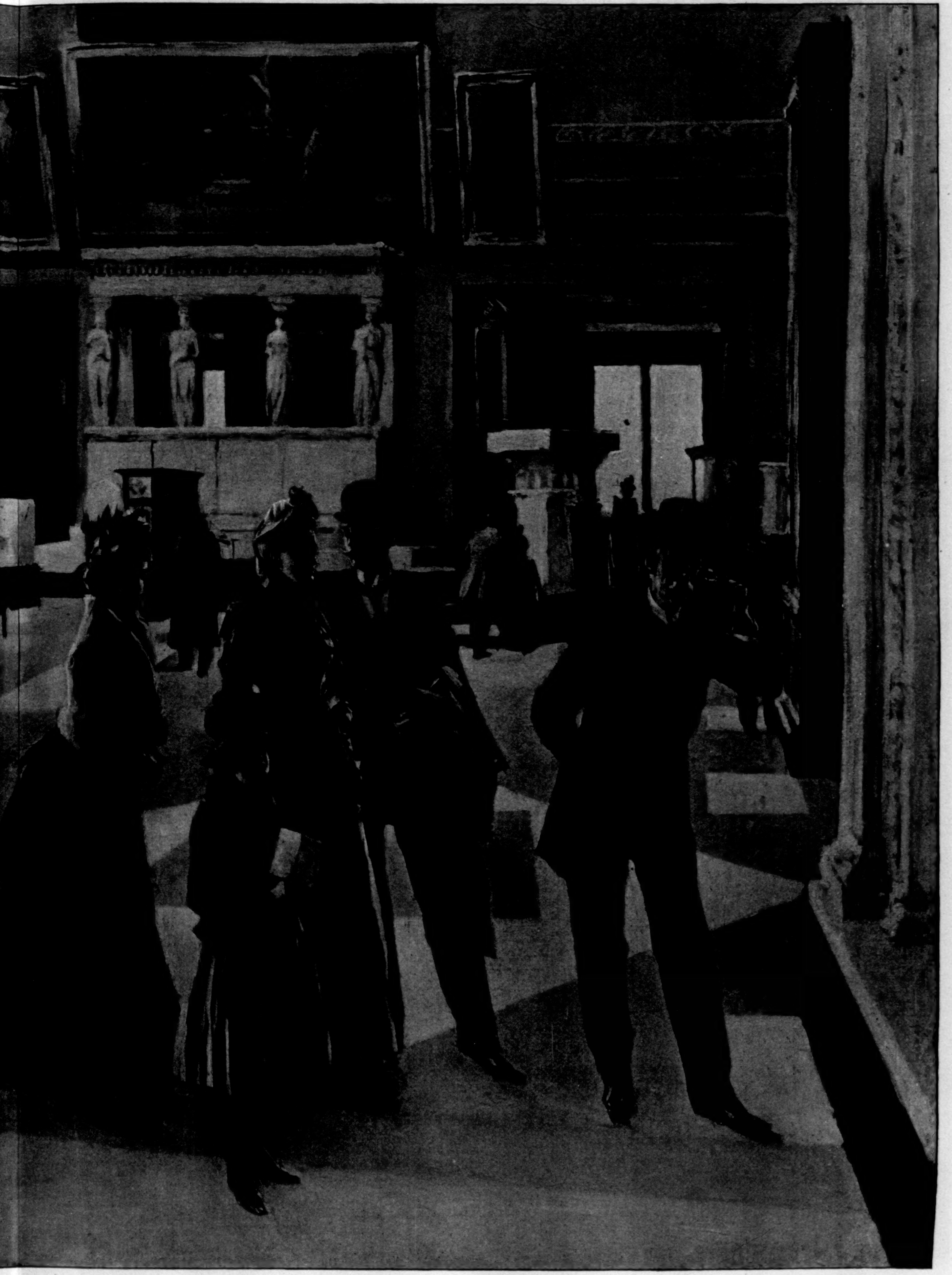


Fig. 10.—A VETERINARY DENTIST CUTTING THE FRONT TEETH OF DOBBIN, 37 YEARS OLD.



SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, MAY 23, 1891.

THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUS



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